

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



A bronze cast of Henry Moore's 'King and Queen' at a moorland site in Dumfriesshire: another cast of this sculpture has been presented to the Tate Gallery, London by the Friends of the Tate (see page 256)

A Panorama of Modern China (from B.B.C. Television)

The Nature of Authority
By Richard Peters

The Moral Dilemmas of Lenin
By Isaac Deutscher

The Church and the River
By William Townsend

Seasickness and Research
By F. H. Todd

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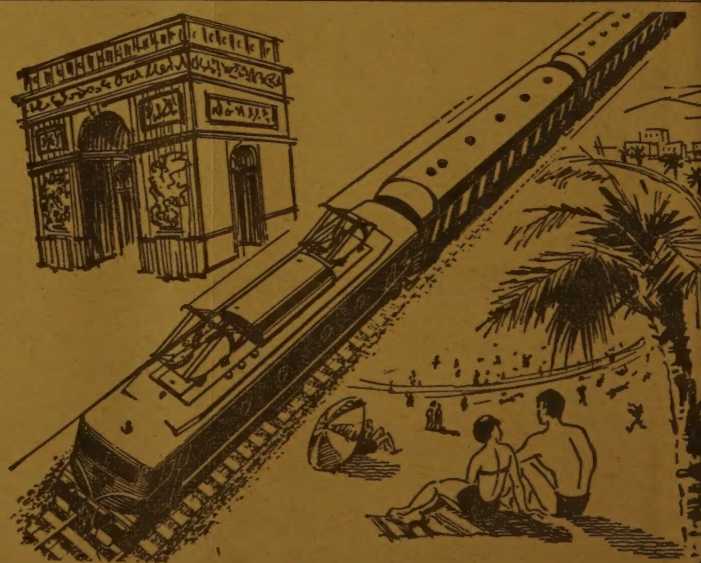
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The Listener

Vol. LXI. No. 1558

Thursday February 5 1959

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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Reflections on Mr. Khrushchev

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

THERE is something synthetic, something rather shrill and uncomfortable about the self-confidence that Mr. Khrushchev showed when he addressed the Party Congress on its opening day last week. In his six-hour speech he covered the whole field of economic development and state planning—all the way from kindergartens and industrial canteens to sputniks and inter-continental rockets. He appeared to have all his facts at his finger-tips, he showed tremendous stamina and vitality for a man of his age, and the cheering members of the Communist Party—as well as the Russian press—have been paying him the sort of tributes that, once upon a time, were reserved for Stalin himself.

Yet it seems to me that Mr. Khrushchev was not speaking with the self-confidence of a man who is absolutely sure of his position. There was something spurious and hollow about it all. He seemed to be speaking over the heads of his audience, to the secret people in the fields and the factories, in the hope, perhaps, that the promises he has been making will ensure their support in the further struggle for power that is so clearly inevitable.

It was not the easy kind of self-confidence that rests on a firm, on an impregnable, foundation. On the contrary, there was a rashness about Mr. Khrushchev's claims and pretensions that left me with the feeling that the Western Governments are going to find it extremely difficult to negotiate with him. Mr. Khrushchev is still in the stage of having to prove that he is a strong man and a successful, especially in the international field. He is not yet strong enough to allow himself the luxury of making concessions from strength.

It is true that he has got his way with his reforms in the

countryside and with his plans for the reorganization of industry. What he has had to maintain—and this is evidently a concession to the Stalinists within the Party—is the priority of heavy industry and investment over the hopes and aspirations of the consumer. There evidently is not a great deal of scope for a substantial rise in living standards in the near future. Yet the promises are there—promises of higher wages, shorter hours, more goods in the shops, and far more houses. A great deal of the political struggle in the Soviet Union in the near future will turn on this conflict between investment on the one hand and consumption on the other. What complicates it all is the revolution in the methods of Party control over the collective farmers. None of the old Party leaders had the slightest confidence in the peasantry; they always regarded it as a potentially hostile element, as a centre of dangerous ideas about the sanctity of private property; and so the peasants suffered the full rigours of police coercion.

Mr. Khrushchev is giving them rather softer treatment, giving them opportunities to earn a little more money and to aspire to a higher standard of life, in the hope that they will be willing to step up the output of food. The output from the collective farms has certainly increased in recent years, and to that extent Mr. Khrushchev has succeeded. But his claim that productivity on the collective farm will rise 100 per cent. in seven years seems fantastically rash. And yet, unless the output of food continues to rise—and to rise substantially—Mr. Khrushchev's seven-year plan will be in difficulties. On this problem, too, there is plenty of room for conflict.

It does not seem far-fetched, then, to say that the continued priority of heavy industry is one concession that Mr. Khrushchev

has had to make in order to ensure support for his new economic policy. I think there is another: in the field of foreign affairs. Here, too, he seems to have reverted to the old Stalinist line after first deviating into peaceful co-existence. There was a very rough edge to all he had to say about international problems at the Party Congress. He spoke in general terms. He left it to his Foreign Minister, Mr. Gromyko, to make a harsh attack upon the Federal German Government and, in particular, upon Dr. Adenauer. We are entitled to assume, I think, that the Stalinists in the Party fully supported these two speeches. And it is interesting to note that one of their leaders, Mr. Suslov, joined in the

general condemnation of Mr. Malenkov, Mr. Molotov, and Mr. Kaganovich.

So, for the time being, Mr. Khrushchev seems to be relying upon the support of the younger generation of Stalinists to liquidate his rivals and to keep him in power. And that fact can hardly fail to have its effect upon the foreign policy of the Soviet Government. If Mr. Khrushchev's economic programme is successful, then he may be able to establish a new political equilibrium and so dispense with his present supporters. And that, in turn, could affect the foreign policy of the Government in all sorts of ways.—*'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)*

Mr. Khrushchev and the Young

By HUGH LUNGH

THESE are one or two vital passages in Mr. Khrushchev's mammoth speech to the Komsomol Congress which have been largely lost to view. They deal with the problem of how to manage the young—a problem of greater fundamental importance to the future of Russia, and perhaps of humanity itself, than the whole welter of Mr. Khrushchev's well-publicized statistics and declarations of foreign policy.

It was in these passages that Mr. Khrushchev betrayed a note of anxiety so different from the buoyant confidence of the rest of his speech. He warned against underestimating what he called 'the evil of bourgeois influence upon Soviet youth'. It is an error, said Mr. Khrushchev, to think that Soviet youth is beyond the reach of that evil influence. He spoke also of the prime importance of instilling the communist spirit into the growing generation. And he emphasized again that the Communist Party attached particular importance to forming 'the future man'.

Where Stalin Saw Danger

Mr. Khrushchev is not the first Soviet leader to hark back to Lenin's dictum: 'He who has the young, has the future'. But he is the first to realize the magnitude of the drift away from communism on the part of the young. Stalin used to be obsessed with his own generation. It was there that he saw the danger to the new Soviet society—in what he called the remnants of capitalism. Mr. Khrushchev has come to see the main danger to the future of communism in the rising generation.

It was Hungary and its repercussions inside Russia that gave Mr. Khrushchev his first jolt. It was an eye-opener for him when the students of Moscow University sabotaged his speech on those events by continuous clapping. In the following months and years he has received a wealth of evidence of the rebelliousness, or perhaps we should rather call it a sturdy spirit of independence, on the part of Soviet youth. Mr. Khrushchev has taken drastic steps to remedy these symptoms. The number of students expelled from Leningrad and Moscow Universities ran into hundreds. But still the trouble went on. In the summer of 1957 the secret police uncovered underground groups in the philosophical and the history faculties of Moscow University which had distributed anti-régime leaflets in various districts of Moscow. Its leaders were given comparatively mild sentences of five years forced labour. News of the affair only leaked out through foreign students on their return home.

Mr. Khrushchev sees that more drastic cures are needed than the putting away of a few students. That is the meaning of his revolutionary reforms in education. They are meant to solve that 'contradiction of communist society' whereby the very spread of education helps to propagate the ideas and independence of thought so fatal to communism. Months before he came out with his reforms Mr. Khrushchev spoke at the Komsomol Congress of the 'lordly attitude to labour' and implicitly to the communist anti-heap society demonstrated by Soviet youth. His reforms are meant to focus the minds of youth on technical and material achievements and away from the dangerous intellectual pursuits and the quest for knowledge

for its own sake. Meanwhile to help him manage those young people educated under the current system he has taken another step which is almost certainly connected with his anxieties about the young—that is the appointment of Mr. Shelepin, the former Komsomol (or Communist Youth) chief, to be head of the Secret Police.

Mr. Khrushchev's obsession with the problem of the young has been reflected in all kinds of ways and places. At the Russian Writers' Congress, for example, it was the young writers who were picked out in the resolution as the prime target for improvement. But it would be a mistake to imagine it is only the students and intellectuals among the Soviet young who are asserting their independence or non-conformity—sometimes in ugly ways. Like many other countries of the world, Soviet Russia has her problem of juvenile delinquency and her 'teddy-boys', who are there called *stilyagi*.

But there seems to be a remarkable change coming over Soviet youth—even over the *stilyagi*. There is a softening of those harsh expressions of non-conformism among Soviet youth, just as there are indications of a certain mellowing in other spheres of Soviet society. The signs are small as yet, but unmistakable. A few days ago a Soviet newspaper described how narrow trousers and thick-soled shoes were going out. The introspective, thoughtful, humble type has taken the place of the *stilyaga*. In fact, the Soviet journal might be describing one of the 'beat generation', which is now a fashionable pose among young Americans. At the other end of the scale there has been evidence in Soviet newspapers and magazines during recent weeks of young Soviet intellectuals reflecting the nobler aspects of the American 'beat generation'—namely a kind of gentle humility, mixed with firmness in protesting against the mass-conformity of modern life.

The Appeal of the Individual

But there is also in the mood of Russian youth a much more positive side. It is a humanitarian and altruistic interest in the individual which is completely alien to the communist ideal of concern for the collective. This has come out recently in some articles in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* about the up-and-coming Soviet film producers and students of the All-Union State Institute of Cinematography. As far as these young artists are concerned the old-fashioned Stalinist type of hero who cares more about the collective than the human being is out. True art to them means the portrayal of the individual with all his personal and spiritual sufferings.

This is not the first or only sign of a new and genuine concern among the Soviet young for fellow men as individuals. A few years ago the Soviet press published a story of a group of young children who got fed up with the Komsomol collective and its jobs for the state, and instead went about helping old people and others in trouble. There are certainly signs of a kind of spiritual renaissance among Soviet youth, which Boris Pasternak foresees in his *Dr. Zhivago*. And it is in this humanitarian individualism that Mr. Khrushchev senses the danger to the communist ideal of the collective.—*European Services*

A Panorama of Modern China

From Confucius to '1984'?

*This article is based on the sound-track of the programme on China given in the B.B.C. weekly 'Panorama' on January 12. Richard Dimbleby, Richard Harris of the editorial staff of 'The Times', and Gerald Clark, London editor of 'The Montreal Star' took part in the programme. Their contributions are indicated by * § † respectively in the text. The illustrations are taken from the film shown in the programme which was by Rolf Gilhausen.*

* **G**O to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise'. Since the days of the Pyramids human labour can hardly ever have been employed with such insect-like profusion as in modern China. On one project, the building of a new dam, 45,000 Chinese, men and women, toil from sunrise to sunset, and they do it all without any kind of earth-moving machinery or equipment—in fact, practically with their bare hands.*

†Men and women are working like this all over China. The construction time for a dam, made of pressed earth, 120 feet high, was just eighty days. Some of these people would be on the project full time, others might be office workers who go out to build dams after normal working hours or at the weekends.†

§Although it may be better organized now, mass labour is nothing new in China. Think how the Great Wall was built. The Chinese work hard and fairly willingly when they feel the job will benefit them. Few people can equal them for endurance. The real question is whether the pressure will be too great, whether too much is being asked of the people. 'Three years of tremendous effort', says Mao Tse-tung, 'and then a thousand years of happiness'. They are now beginning the second year.§

†I found them (said Gerald Clark) organized just like an army, with officers and endless supplies of men and women. The only mechanical energy they had on one site was one tractor. But to me the most disturbing thing was not the physical regimentation but the regimentation of men's minds. All day long a loudspeaker pours out propaganda music and every day the workers must undergo at least an hour's political indoctrination. In the last year the Communists have launched a tremendous



On one project, 45,000 men and women are 'toiling from sunrise to sunset' to build a new dam, 'practically with their bare hands'

drive to organize the hundreds of millions of peasants into communes, thus making China a real Marxist state. Working under one man, the leader in charge of the dam, is the greatest source of human energy the world has ever known. The members of this commune say that they have built more than fifty reservoirs and dams in the past six months.†

The same methods of mass unskilled labour that are putting up these huge twentieth-century earthworks are being employed also in other aspects of the drive for more industrial power. In 1957 China's coal production was 130,000,000 tons. Last year the figure claimed was 210,000,000 tons. §China is not rich in oil, but she is rich in coal. Her reserves are estimated at about five hundred thousand million tons. Last year's production about equalled Britain's. At that rate her reserves would last 2,000 years, but if she produces at the same rate per head as us, they will only last 200 years. But there's a lot of prospecting going on for other minerals too.§ †Coal trains take priority over passengers on Chinese railways. In fact, if you take a train trip at all it must be to help the industrialization of the nation.†

Manchuria is the 'Black Country', the Ruhr of China. In the great steel centre of Anshan they produce more than 3,000,000 tons a year. The leaders of Communist China say that within the next ten years they will outstrip Britain's industrial capacity. The current slogan is 'We must overtake Britain', and they claim that as far as steel is concerned, they will do it next year. †Women have some of the key jobs. Women now make up half of the farm workers in China, and last year alone 50,000,000 women were added to the labour force.†

§Manchuria—the Chinese call it the north-east—was in fact the only area where industry was already developed, mostly by the Japanese when they ruled



Steel workers in Manchuria, 'the Ruhr of China'

here from 1931 to the end of the war. Then the Russians took away much of the capital equipment, which they have since returned or replaced. The Chinese are quick to pick up technical skills. When I went round these mills at Anshan I was impressed by the quality of the managers I met. §

†The Chinese still give credit to the Russians for their technical aid, but there has been a change in the star billing. Now they say these things were done by Chinese engineers with Soviet assistance. For their part the Russians are growing more and more aware of the giant on their back doorstep, and they are sending fewer technicians to China than they did several years ago. The Chinese Communists call this phenomenal industrialization 'the great leap forward'. In human terms this means a twelve-hour working



An anti-American poster in Shanghai, referring to Formosa and the off-shore islands

day for an incredibly low wage by our standard, though more than the Chinese have been getting in the past. †

* 'We must overtake Britain'—and one way is to encourage women with a diagram copied from a newspaper to make 'do it yourself' blast furnaces in the back yard.* †The backyard blast furnace is really the symbol of modern China. It is her industrial revolution, the great leap forward into the twentieth century. † §Steel is what counts in China; they now produce half as much as we do, but the quality that comes out of these furnaces cannot amount to much. However, in China today quantity comes before quality. §

In case enthusiasm for these new ways should begin to flag, the Party keeps up the excitement with an endless succession of propaganda rallies—of music and pep talks and dancing. †It may be that the audience is being exhorted as part of a campaign for more hygiene, to kill flies or not to spit on the streets, or perhaps to work hard for a few years and live happily for a thousand. † §The jam is so popular and familiar that the pill goes down easily. Most of the practical propaganda goes home. By tradition the Chinese are ready to accept discipline. §

†For any kind of state cause they bring out the crowds. I watched workers from a factory (said Gerald Clark) beating the drums because they had beaten their production quota. Anyone who exceeds the norm in production gets boosted, like the old lady in Yunnan Province who won national fame because she caught 10,000 weasels. Factory workers are the élite of present-day China. Ten years ago this country could not produce an aspirin; now they make penicillin. In 1957 they did not turn out a single farm tractor. Last year they claimed they made 20,000; this year they are aiming at 100,000. †

Behind the steel furnaces lies a national campaign for scrap metal, carried out with the degree of energy and purpose that Britain knew at the time of Dunkirk. It all fits into the Chinese communist philosophy—'Don't wait for the big factories, use your millions, let industrialization rise in the cottage and the village workshop'. †Everyone is supposed to volunteer for this work. If persuasion fails, shame is employed. I heard a speaker

cry at a street rally—'The peoples eyes are snow bright and are on you, Li Chang'—and Li Chang crept away, presumably to volunteer. †

§The communes are a way of using China's surplus manpower and supply the peasants with cheap consumer goods made in small factories. They give the Government better control over agricultural surpluses. Local government and the commune management become the same thing: that saves educated manpower. The Chinese Communists think the communes are a way forward to the ideal collective state. The Russians do not agree entirely. §

†Recently China's leaders decided that they had set too hot a pace for the workers. It was decreed that everyone should have eight hours' sleep, whereupon many of the workers said 'You see, Chairman Mao thinks of our welfare'. There are from 300,000 to 700,000 backyard furnaces throughout China. In a few years the face of China is being transformed. These coke-firing plants are everywhere. You take a train trip for hundreds of miles, and at night the sky is lit up by a thousand pinpricks of flame. †

But it is in village life rather than in industry that the commune system has apparently had its most profound effect. The peasants of one commune, a showplace called Sputnik, are sometimes joined in the fields by university students. The harvest last year was a record one, and the danger of famine seems to have disappeared, at least temporarily. †In fact they claim that last year's grain crop makes them, as wheat growers, second only to the United States. At Sputnik the commune leader is thirty-six-year-old Leu Yen. He is the new-style mandarin of Communist China. His commune is a large one. He is the boss of 100,000 people. Leu said that half the families in this commune owned land ten years ago. When I asked a former landowner how he felt about losing it all to the state he replied: I

am happy because now I have nothing to worry about. To succeed, Chinese communism must feed the world's largest population. Nothing that I have seen in three visits to the Soviet Union can match this frantic mission to reach a true Marxist state. One of their main methods of increasing crop yields is by deep ploughing. If you expect the plough to be drawn by a tractor or even a pair of oxen then you will be disillusioned: they do it with manpower, and why not? There is no labour shortage. By the end of this year, this commune says it will be fully mechanized. Physically, the country commune is just broad stretches of farmland and a few scattered villages, but now everyone, whether they like it or not, must work under this completely new system. †

§In trying to assess the peasants' reaction to the new society it is worth remembering that for over a century China has suffered from appalling poverty. The nineteenth century was a time of decline in government. Irrigation and flood control were neglected. Public order declined and rebellions broke out. Fifteen million people died in the Taiping rebellion in the middle of the last century, and many millions more have died since, because of floods, drought, war lords, and civil war. For a century the peasant has had more than nature to struggle against. §

†The present aim is to make each commune entirely self-sufficient. A farm tractor is a prized possession. Women as well as men are taught how to repair it. The tractor is commune property. In China the plan is that there will not even be such a thing as a privately owned wheelbarrow. †

For the Chinese peasant this is an average day: eight hours' sleep, four hours' rest and recreation, two hours' political indoctrination, the rest—work. But for the really outstanding workers, the Stakhanovites of China, the state offers rewards, a visit to a workers' paradise, a rest centre for the heroes of China's great leap forward. Normally a worker would get only a few days holiday a year. With all this emphasis on industrialization, what is happening to the products of the new China?

§The Chinese can't get rich from exports like oil and rubber. They have to use their ingenuity and do without themselves. Thirty years ago it was Japan that sold cheap consumer goods to the world. Now China is competing, with much lower prices, in the

markets of South-East Asia. § †The Chinese, when they manufacture for export, take into account only two things—the cost of machinery and the cost of raw materials. They do not include the cost of labour or such overhead items as electricity. I think (said Gerald Clark) that there are three main motives behind the export drive, the first is to earn foreign currency to buy the machinery and other items that they do not make themselves, and the second is to knock Japan, the mortal enemy, out of the markets of South-east Asia, and the third thing is to try to sell ideology along with cheap goods. †

§I am not sure that I would agree (said Richard Harris) about the ideology and the goods—I think you are going to get Chinese culture spread into South-east Asia, but not necessarily ideology, because China is a unique civilization and these countries in South-east Asia belong to a different civilization. But about this question of China as a trading and maritime power, it is hard to forecast. One only has to think back into the eighteenth century, of the Emperor Ch'ien Lung saying that China was a country that did not need trade at all. §

*Are the communists seeking to impose their will on what is, after all, just about the oldest civilization in the world? *

§To begin with, the communists thought of China's past as bad because it was feudal, but national pride is very strong and it gets stronger as China gets stronger. There are hardly any political objections now to pride in China's past. Mao Tse-tung and his colleagues are just as much nationalists as they are communists. Marx has replaced Confucius, but nobody would call you counter-revolutionary for thinking Confucius was a great man. §

†Another aspect of old China that has survived political change is the Peking opera, although nowadays some of the plots have been given a propaganda twist. † §The Chinese theatre is a mixture of what we would call opera and a circus. It is very much a popular art—amateur dramatics are as common as they are here, and most people like to learn something of the complicated sword play and dancing that you get in all traditional Chinese shows. §

*Nowadays the plaster busts of figures in Chinese religion and philosophy are made, it is said, largely for export. For the home market there is a different product—one that is in great demand. The benevolent gaze of Big Brother, Chairman Mao Tse-tung is practically inescapable in present-day China. In the school-room Mao looks down on an important lesson. *

†One thing the Chinese never did invent was an alphabet. For years the thousands of different characters in Chinese writing have been a bar to progress, so now they are teaching our Latin alphabet. You can see how big a problem the language is when you realise that in a Chinese printing shop there are as many as 10,000 different characters. Writing a letter on a Chinese



'The most terrifying thing I saw in China was children with toy rifles singing "We must liberate Formosa" and "Socialism is best"'

typewriter is no fun either. The need to adopt the Western alphabet has been recognized for sixty years. Language reform will help the Chinese Communists to put across their doctrines to the people. † §Only one in ten Chinese could read in the old days. It is probably nearer five out of ten now, with simplified characters, and newspapers and books printed in a kind of basic Chinese. The Government insists that the Latin alphabet is being introduced only to solve illiteracy and not to replace Chinese characters. § †They have some ingenious machines now for demonstrating correct pronunciation. Progress has previously been blocked by the different dialects that made communication difficult between southerner and northerner. †

*What is the effect of communism on family life in China? At a typical marriage ceremony, between Mr. Wong, a factory worker and Miss Wong B there are no flowers, no witnesses, no reception. They are entitled to a three-day honeymoon. * †But in fact they took only a half day off and volunteered to go back to work. It used to be said that a woman left her home on only three occasions—her wedding day, her pilgrimage to mother-in-law, and her burial. Now one science student in five is a woman. †

*What happens when a couple has children? There are large numbers of children in China. About as many children under five as there are people in Russia. From a very early age the children in this commune are put into day nurseries, thus freeing their mothers for work. *

§Every year there are more and more Chinese children, now that the infant mortality rate is going down and famine is ended. The Chinese love children but bring them up in different ways from us. Until the age of about seven they are completely free. No one tells them when they ought to go to bed, discipline only comes later in the Chinese tradition, and family traditions probably have not changed much. § †Now they are experimenting with kindergartens. Later on, the Chinese plan to start boarding schools, so that parents will see their children even less frequently. It was rather like a step towards George Orwell's gloomy prophecy of 1984, when he wrote: 'Children will be taken from their mothers at birth as one takes eggs from a hen'. In return for the promise of security the peasant will lend his child to the state for a massive experiment in indoctrination. The most terrifying thing I saw in China was children with toy rifles singing 'We must liberate Formosa' and 'Socialism is best'. Like their parents, children must volunteer for work. This boy has an arm-band with three stripes which makes him a leader. † §The Young Pioneers, as they are called, is a mass organization which enrolls the ten-to-fifteen-year-olds and tries to make them think that revolution is exciting and they can do much to help.

(continued on page 255)



'In the communes the hostile anti-Western party line is backed up by daily arms drill for which all are expected to volunteer'

The Listener

© BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1959

The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

Television in Print

THE Charter of the B.B.C. provides that the Corporation shall concern itself with disseminating education, information, and entertainment. In sound broadcasting, where it is able to offer three or four alternative services, there is always a choice for listeners so that those who use the wireless merely for mental relaxation are not obliged to be informed or educated, unless they wish to be so. In B.B.C. Television it is different. With only one channel, items of a more serious character necessarily need to be presented so that they have a reasonably wide appeal. Our independent critic, Mr. Philip Hope-Wallace, has for example drawn attention to this requirement in discussing the programmes of televised music, where an avuncular style may unfold the petals for those who are unaware of the beauties of the classics. Similarly archaeology under the benevolent direction of Sir Mortimer Wheeler or Dr. Glyn Daniel can be made a gay adventure. Topical problems are decked out agreeably in such programmes as 'Tonight' and 'Panorama'.

Granted the need for the liveliest possible presentation, the B.B.C. does in fact put out a substantial number of serious programmes in television. As Sir Ian Jacob remarked in a recent article in *Public Administration*, there is no doubt that television can undertake for the visual arts the same kind of educative work that it has already performed for serious music—where it has helped to develop a large new concert-going public. 'The B.B.C.'s visits to museums and galleries', Sir Ian points out 'have invariably been followed by a rush from the public to visit these places for themselves'. We have recently been able to reproduce in THE LISTENER a number of television interviews which have been of historic or literary value: notably the interviews with Lord Attlee, with Aldous Huxley, and with E. M. Forster. This week, by way of experiment, we have reproduced in a slightly edited form the text of the sound commentary from a programme about modern China, televised in 'Panorama', which aroused considerable interest among viewers. Mr. Patrick Moore has also summarized for us lately some of the thoughts in the 'Sky at Night' programmes, and it is our aim to continue to reproduce in the pages of THE LISTENER such texts of television programmes as are suitable for printing or to include articles that bring out the importance of these programmes. This is fully in line with the traditions of a weekly which has always been concerned with the best of the B.B.C.'s talks and features.

Naturally the material that B.B.C. Television has to offer for print is not as rich as that afforded by sound broadcasting. In the nature of things that could not be—for the programmes on television must be primarily of visual appeal, and although this is an illustrated paper photographs are no substitute for the films themselves. Nor does the introduction of such material mean that we shall sacrifice the best of the sound programmes which are still heard, even in the television era, by millions of people both in Britain and overseas. Indeed it has always been the policy of THE LISTENER to publish the best of the B.B.C.'s informative and artistic programmes which can be translated into the printed word—entirely regardless of the particular source from which they originate. This week we include talks from five different services. All this is a reminder of the many-sidedness of broadcasting, which gave birth to this weekly thirty years ago.

What They Are Saying

Reactions to Mr. Khrushchev's speech

THE SOVIET COMMUNIST PARTY CONGRESS has been dominating recent broadcasts from the communist world and giving rise to numerous comments in the Western world. Mr. Khrushchev's six-hour speech was put out in full on Moscow's home service, and extensively summarized in Moscow's foreign services and in satellite broadcasts.

From the United States, the *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as accusing Mr. Khrushchev of holding out an olive branch in one hand and a ballistic missile in the other:

There is every indication that the Soviet objective is to devise tactics to win the cold war rather than take steps to end it.

From West Germany, *Stuttgart Nachrichten* was quoted as commenting:

Mr. Khrushchev still pursues a diplomacy of ultimatums in which worn-out pledges of co-existence are coupled with threats of mass production of inter-continental ballistic missiles.

Another West German newspaper, discussing Mr. Khrushchev's reference to free elections, said it was as a result of the Communist interpretation of 'free elections' that the satellite states came into being. *Die Welt* said it was not economic competition with the West which would be decisive:

What will rather be decisive is what goal economic achievement is to serve: whether humanity or an apparatus of power.

From Australia, *The Sydney Morning Herald* was quoted for the following comment:

It will be many years before Russian living standards can compare with those in most parts of the West—even assuming, as Mr. Khrushchev insists on doing, that the Western economies are static. What will be the social and political effects of this new prosperity? Will a more leisured, better educated and more prosperous people, articulated into more clearly defined competitive classes and interests be content with political impotence?

The Japanese newspaper *Mainichi*, referring to Mr. Khrushchev's statement that Russia has started mass production of inter-continental ballistic missiles, commented:

It is not convincing to plead for an end to the cold war and peaceful economic competition on the one hand, and to boast of military power on the other.

From Switzerland *Basler Nachrichten* was quoted as saying:

When Khrushchev observed that the future economic potential of the Soviet Union would lend decisive importance to peace within the framework of an international balance of power, he surely meant quite simply that the Communist bloc will be stronger than the non-Communist bloc and that it will be able to impose a *Pax Sovietica*. If the Soviets really want the cold war to end, why didn't they stop it? It is they who invented it. Why was Tito so sharply criticized if the Soviets have no desire to control him?

Cairo radio broadcast an article by the editor of *Al-Ahram*, replying to Mr. Khrushchev's remarks about the United Arab Republic's campaign against local Communists. The article said that Cairo's charges were not directed against Communism as an idea, nor against Communists everywhere—among Communist 'heroes' were Khrushchev himself, Mao Tse-tung, Gomulka and Tito—but against the Syrian Communist Party. Communists were not infallible, and Mr. Khrushchev was mistaken in saying it was wrong to accuse Communists of acting against the national interest. 'Members of the Communist Party in our country have taken a course we believe to be contrary to our country's interests'. The article ended by assuring Mr. Khrushchev that the people of the U.A.R. were 'full of love and respect' for the Soviet Union—only they did not love and respect them for the sake of their own local Communists, but in spite of them. From the Lebanon, *Al-Nahar* was quoted as commenting:

Khrushchev's reply to Nasser revealed a basic fact: that Moscow defends the Arab Communists. The Twenty-first Congress will mark the open break between Arab Communism and Nasserite nationalism.

Did You Hear That?

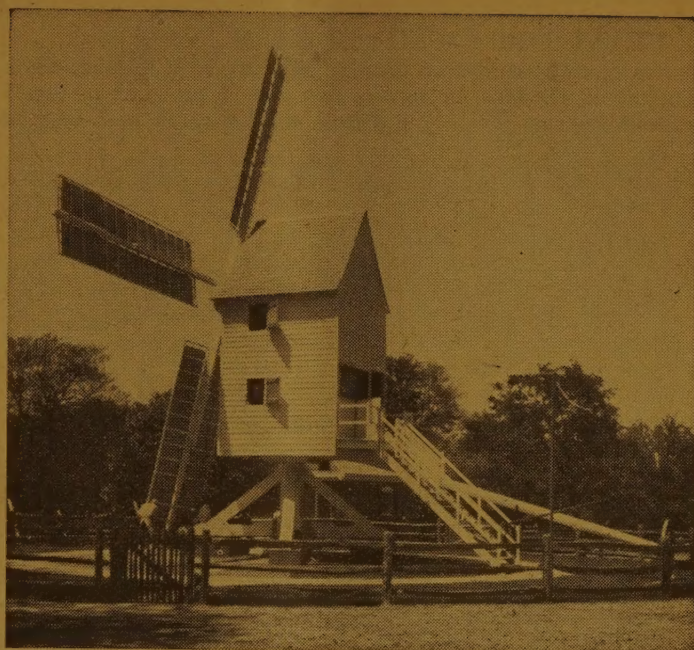
WINDMILLS IN AMERICA

'It is thirty years', said REX WAILES in a talk in the Home Service, 'since I went down to Cape Cod, U.S.A., where there were still a few windmills left. There are few streams capable of driving water-mills, so the windmill was once a common sight in those parts. The mills are all timber-built and as primitive as ours were when New England was first settled from Old England. The octagonal bodies and the movable boat-shaped roofs or "caps", which carry the sails, are hung with white oak shingles, which weather to a lovely silver grey like a silver-tabby cat. These mills were always regarded as portable, as our timber-built mills were in the old days, and the Farris Mill at West Yarmouth, Cape Cod, has been moved three times.

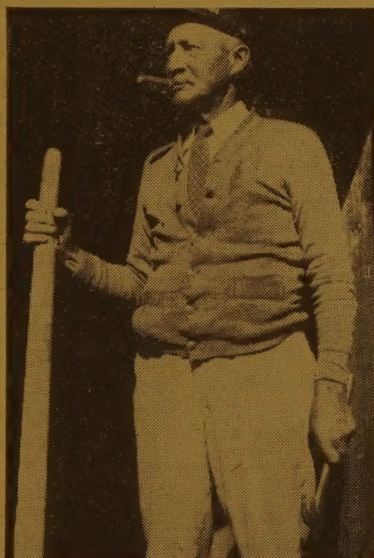
'Nantucket Island lies south of Cape Cod, and as there was a working windmill there I went to see it. The remaining mill is the survivor of a line of them on the Popsquatchet Hills. On Rhode Island, to the west of Nantucket, the mills are also timber-built and shingled but have distinctive hemispherical caps. In every area, both here and in America, the windmills conform to a local tradition. To see the Rhode Island windmills I went to Newport, near where, during the American Revolution, a mill was used for storing arms and ammunition and was fired by the British soldiers who found them.

'Long Island stretches into the Atlantic for 120 miles east of New York, looking on the map for all the world like a large stag beetle. And on the low-lying southern "antler" of the beetle, where the land was fertile, there was no water-power and there were a dozen or so windmills within a stretch of twenty miles. I stayed at Easthampton, a lovely village founded in 1649 by men from Kent and originally called Maidstone. It has a main street 150 feet wide and half a mile long, lined with tall, well-pruned American elms. There is a village green at either end, and in that half-mile are no fewer than three mills. Hook Mill stands on one green, and behind it a superb Chinese tree of life with cream-coloured flowers on its broad top; Gardiner Mill stands opposite the other green, and Pantigo Mill is half-way between the two. All were built at the end of the eighteenth century by a noted family of millwrights—the Dominys, and it was Captain Felix Dominy who showed them to me.

'You may wonder why windmills were built



Robertson's Mill, Colonial Williamsburg, which was reconstructed in 1957



along the Atlantic seaboard from Massachusetts southwards to Virginia and what influenced their design. They were built in the flat areas where there was not enough water-power to meet the needs of the settlers. They were timber-built because at that time virgin timber was plentiful. Their general design represented the current practice of millwrights in England at the time. But the later mills were built on the same lines, and cast iron was not used for gears and other parts as it was over here. So in America we can still see mills surviving, as it were, from another age. And in Williamsburg, one-time capital of Virginia, the city has been restored to its appearance of 200 years ago through the generosity of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Junior. It is a work of art superbly done.

'There, the work of restoration was greatly helped by a careful and complete billeting map of the town drawn by an unknown map-maker in 1782. On this appeared a representation of a windmill just on the southern edge of the town. Ten years ago it was decided to obtain information which would enable the mill to be reconstructed on its original site. I was asked for advice, and decided that the mill must have borne a very close resemblance to the seventeenth-century mill standing at Bourn, Cambridgeshire. I sent off measured drawings, but as the machinery in Bourn has been renewed since the mill was built I advised copying the much cruder American examples of machinery that survived. I put them in touch with my good friend Edward Hamilton of Boston, who made and presented to them a superb scale model of the mill.

'Colonial Williamsburg, which is an endowed non-profit-making foundation, does not do things by halves. When the decision was reached to build a full-size mill only the best was good enough. The finest materials and craftsmanship were used. Timber experts even chose the standing trees, which were felled, sawn, and the wood naturally seasoned. Every detail of the mill was drawn out to scale and the seasoned timber was prepared in the

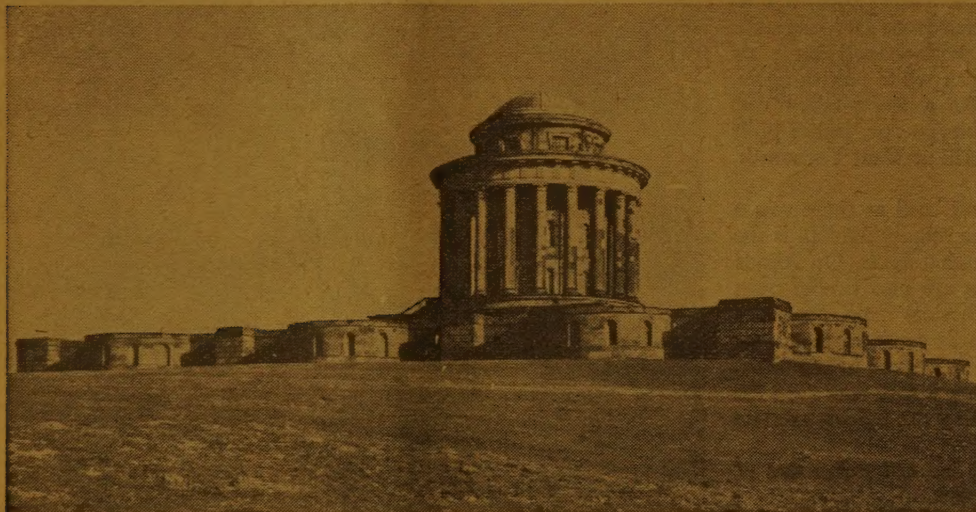


Hook Mill, Easthampton, Long Island, built in 1796. (Above) Captain Felix Dominy, the last miller and millwright in Easthampton, holding the 'key' of Hook Mill in his hand

traditional manner with broad axe, adze, and saw. A miller and two assistants were trained to work the mill, and she now grinds maize meal for household use.

A GRANT FOR CASTLE HOWARD

It was recently announced that the Ministry of Works has made a grant of £80,000 for repairs to Castle Howard, Vanbrugh's masterpiece near York. YVONNE ADAMSON spoke of a visit to



The mausoleum in the park of Castle Howard

the mansion in 'The Eye-witness': Castle Howard is certainly an imposing gigantic palace on an imposing site', she said. 'From its eminence it looks out over rolling parkland, wide vistas of temples and woods, obelisks and gates, and a mausoleum. The mansion itself is at the centre, the focal point, and it is hard to believe, looking up at the baroque façade, topped by the gutted skeleton of the dome, or going round the many lofty rooms with their great treasures—the Long Gallery, the painted Great Hall—that when Vanbrugh was asked to design Castle Howard he had never designed a building before. He was a playwright who had met Charles Howard, the young third Earl of Carlisle, at a club in London at a time when the Earl was thinking of building a country seat on his Yorkshire estate.

'In preparing his designs in 1699 and 1700, Vanbrugh was helped by the architect Hawksmoor, already associated with the dome at Greenwich Hospital. The dome at Castle Howard is the first example of the use of a dome in English country-house architecture. And Vanbrugh also broke away from the tradition of the age and built facing north and south. He appreciated the value of making the most of vistas.

'Over the 250-odd years since Castle Howard was conceived, time has taken its toll of a great deal of the stonework. A fire in 1940 left part of the south front as well as the dome roofless. In the Long Gallery, dampness seeps down walls where hang priceless pictures, Lelys, Vandykes, Knellers. So a few years ago Mr. George Howard, the present owner, had a comprehensive restoration scheme prepared, not only for the house itself but for other buildings in the park—the mausoleum, a circular classical building which is considered to be one of Hawksmoor's finest works, and the gatehouse, with its pyramidal roof, the work of Vanbrugh'.

ON BEING 'BOOKED'

'Years ago I was a booking clerk', said NORMAN STAINTHORPE, in 'The Northcountryman', 'and often wondered where and how the expression had its origin. I found it came to us from the old stage-coach days when the names, addresses, and destinations of the

travellers had to be entered into a book. The clerk then copied them on to a waybill which he handed to the guard of the coach for his guidance. Hence "booking clerk", and "being booked".

'One hundred and twenty years ago Thomas Edmondson had the idea of checking passengers by numbers instead of by names, and he introduced the system of issuing tickets. That small piece of cardboard, two and a quarter by one and three-sixteenths of an inch, in general use on the railways today, was his idea and it is still known as the "Edmondson type". Born in Lancaster in 1792

of a Quaker family, Edmondson was apprenticed to Gillows and Company of Lancaster as a cabinet maker, and soon showed himself to have an inventive turn of mind. But his first business venture failed, and at forty-four he joined the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Company as a booking clerk at Milton Station (now Brampton Junction). Here he had the idea that took the "book" out of "booking". He began with a small wooden block, some printer's type and a mallet, and it was only a matter of time before he was printing the serial numbers on his tickets and making racks and tubes to hold them. At that point he had developed all the essentials of the booking office as we know it today. Later on he set up in business to manufacture ticket-printing machines. After a time he allowed his patent to be used by the Railway Companies under licence. The

fee was 10s. per mile of track per annum. Today the ticket you receive is still the "Edmondson"'.
A. F. Kersting

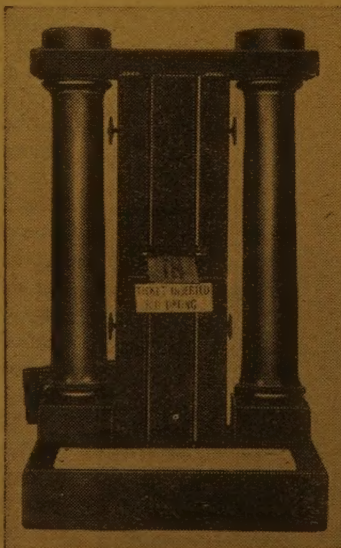
450 YEARS OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL

'In St. Paul's Cathedral, in the City of London, a service was recently held to commemorate the 450th anniversary of one of London's great schools—St. Paul's School', said PHILIP NASH in a talk in the European Services. 'It was in 1509 that John Colet, friend of Erasmus, the great Renaissance scholar, founded St. Paul's School when he was Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral. His foundation was of 153 scholarships "for the children of all nations and countries indifferently", and he laid it down that the boys be taught "in good literature, both Latine and Greke".

'In St. Paul's Cathedral the boys from the present school, now vastly larger than the original 153 scholars and no longer situated in the cathedral precincts, were at the commemoration service in force, as well as boys from the junior school and girls from the sister girls' school. Staff from all three schools, parents, and old boys brought the congregation up to some 3,000 people and filled the cathedral.

'As the service started, the official procession filed slowly in, and with its measured progress there unfolded a pageant of the main influences on the school in its long history. The service began with a directly phrased bidding prayer: "Brethren, we meet together in this Cathedral Church of St. Paul, at this season of his commemoration, to remember with gratitude our founder, who in his lifetime also worshipped in this place . . ." I am sure that the thoughts of many in the congregation turned not only to the great names of illustrious former pupils—Milton, Pepys, the famous Duke of Marlborough, Halley the astronomer, Chesterton, Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery, and many others—but to parents, brothers, and friends.

'Through this 450th anniversary Feast service—"Feast" because of the conversion of St. Paul commemorated at this season—the congregation had not only been reminded of the continuity of a great Christian tradition in education but had seen the vitality of an institution where Christianity and tradition are both cherished'.



The first railway-ticket dating machine, invented by Thomas Edmondson in 1837

The Nature of Authority

The first of two talks by RICHARD PETERS

AUTHORITY' is a word that has an aura about it, a mystique. And there are some who like to keep it that way. We are told that authority has been re-established in France and we picture a mysterious something emanating from General de Gaulle, drawing millions of Frenchmen towards him in a unified pattern like iron-filings towards a magnet. And the French philosopher, de Jouvenel, encourages this picture when he writes: 'In any voluntary association that comes to my notice I see the work of a force: that force is authority . . . Everywhere and at all levels social life offers us the daily spectacle of authority fulfilling its primary function—of man leading man on, of the ascendancy of a settled will which summons and orients uncertain wills'. Are we then to suppose that authority is a mysterious something, a force, which people like de Gaulle and Adenauer have in their voice and countenance?

Voice and Countenance

It may well be that authority has something to do with the voice and countenance, but it surely is a mistake to conceive of it as a kind of force. For that is to make the conformity of men look like the movements of iron filings towards a magnet. But there is conformity and conformity; and 'authority', I would suggest, is a word that is reserved for a type of conformity that is confined to men. Hens have a pecking order; but it would be very odd to say that one hen exercised authority over other hens. To speak of authority as a force obscures what is distinctive about human conformity which makes it unlike anything which goes on in the physical or animal world.

What, then, is so distinctive about the conformity of men? Hobbes long ago was impressed by the fact that a civil society is not a natural system like a sponge, a rook, or a beehive; yet it is not a mere multitude of men. What turns a mere multitude into a social system? The basic point surely is that men are rule-following animals. They form social systems because they conform to standards of behaviour which are passed on from generation to generation, largely by means of speech, which has a most important regulatory function in the life of men, and which makes possible a quite distinctive form of life. The artifice of speech introduces systems of conformity which make no sense in the forest or farmyard. For what human beings do can be described as 'right' or 'correct'; and things are done just because they are right or correct. And this introduces the idea of 'authority'; for—as such standards are man-made, alterable, and, to a certain extent, arbitrary—procedures are often needed for deciding what standards are right and correct, who is to originate them, who is to decide about their application to particular cases, and who is entitled to introduce changes. These procedures give certain people, like majors and magistrates, a right to give orders, to make decisions and pronouncements. Where we find such arrangements for originators or umpires in the realm of rules we find authority.

Philology supports this tentative analysis: for the word 'authority' is obviously derived from *auctor* and *auctoritas*, which referred to a producing, inventing, or cause in the sphere of opinion, counsel, or command. Authority is at hand where a rule is right or a decision must be obeyed or a pronouncement accepted simply because *x* (conforming to some specification) says so. Equal emphasis must be placed on the '*x*' and on the '*says*'. For the reference to *x*—the *auctor*—is as necessary as the reference to the speech or symbolic gesture by means of which he lays down what is correct or decides what is to be done. Obvious examples are the giving of orders by an army commander, the decision of an umpire at cricket or of a judge in a court of law, and an *ex cathedra* pronouncement by a pope on matters of religion or morals. The sort of conformity brought about by such procedures is quite unlike that of iron filings in a field of force or that of

hens in a pecking order. For hens and pieces of iron do not follow rules, and do not speak—let alone have a right to speak.

This analysis, it might be objected, sounds pretty banal. Where is the mystique of authority so evident in the General de Gaulle case? As a matter of fact, in most cases there is no mystery about authority. The thing begins to look banal because, perhaps, we are becoming clearer what is implicit in our use of the word 'authority'. The more mundane it seems the better the philosophical job that is being done. But the job is only just started; for 'authority' is a Protean concept; and there are many of its forms to uncover before we have a proper grip on it.

We usually speak of 'the authorities' or of people being 'in authority' when their right to command and make decisions and pronouncements derives from established rules of procedure. But as an example General de Gaulle does not fit into this pattern; for he was not in authority before he became President. How then can the obvious fact that people recognized his authority be accounted for? The sociologist Max Weber must be called in to help at this point. For he stressed that there are different types of rules which give people rights to command. There are different authority systems with different grounds of legitimacy. There is, first of all, what he called a legal-rational set-up where the claim to legitimacy rests on 'a belief in the "legality" of patterns of normative rules and the right of those elevated to authority under such rules to issue commands'. There is, secondly, traditional authority 'resting on an established belief in the sanctity of immemorial traditions and the legitimacy of the status of those exercising authority under them'. A chairman of a Civil Service committee would be an example of legal-rational authority; a medieval baron of traditional authority.

But these types of authority must be carefully distinguished from a third type where the right of the 'auctor' derives from personal history, personal credentials, and personal achievements, an extreme form of which Weber spotlighted when he dealt with what he called 'charismatic' authority—'resting on devotion to the specific and exceptional sanctity, heroism, or exemplary character of an individual person, and of normative patterns of order revealed by him'. Weber, of course, was thinking primarily of outstanding religious and military leaders like Jesus or Napoleon. He therefore pitched his account rather high, and personal authority was decked with the trappings of vocation, miracles, and revelation.

A Special Sort of Person

Nevertheless there is something distinctive about the charismatic leader which he shares in an exaggerated form with other 'natural' leaders who exercise authority in virtue of personal claims and personal characteristics. For the reference to personal characteristics is a way of establishing that a man has a right to make pronouncements and issue commands *because he is a special sort of person*. And, although in some societies a man who sees visions and goes into trance states is in danger of electric-shock treatment, in other societies pointing to such peculiarities of personal biography is a way of establishing a man as an authority in certain spheres. As a matter of fact we usually speak of a man being *an* authority in the sphere of pronouncements rather than that of commands and decisions where reference to 'the authorities' or to 'those in authority' is more natural. Thus we speak of a man being an authority on art, music, or nuclear physics. Such a man has not been put in authority; he does not hold authority according to any system of rules. But because of his training, competence, and success in this sphere, he comes to be regarded as an authority, as having a right to make pronouncements. And his right derives from his personal achievements and history in a specific sphere. These humdrum cases where we speak of a man being *an* authority are similar, in this respect, to

Weber's charismatic authority, where the legitimacy also is regarded as being grounded in personal characteristics.

Now de Gaulle had some of the trappings of tradition; but in other respects he exemplified this third type of authority. Here we had a man with an impressive record of personal achievement combined with a sense of personal vocation, linked with rather mystical notions about the destiny of France, which have a peculiar appeal to Frenchmen. Furthermore the centralization of communications—especially radio and television—made it possible for him to be a familiar figure in the home of every French family. The scene was set for a charismatic coup. But such coups seldom come off unless the other types of authority have been discredited. The legal-rational set-up in France, for instance, was such that it made strong government difficult and those who were in authority exploited the anomalies of the old constitution.

De Jure and De Facto

But, it might be said, even the introduction of this third type of authority has not got to the root of the mystery surrounding it. For we must distinguish the *de jure* sense of authority from the *de facto* sense, it being obvious enough that some people who are in authority do not in fact exercise authority, like a schoolmaster with a class which is out of hand; whereas other people, in some sort of Admirable Crichton situation, in fact exercise authority even though they are not in authority. And how is it that some people, like General de Gaulle, make a charismatic break-through, whereas others, who are regarded vaguely as having some sort of right to be obeyed or believed, remain in obscurity? What is it about *men* which makes de Jouvenel's talk of a force seem so attractive?

Social psychologists resist strongly the suggestion that there might be any one thing, a mysterious force or something like that, that makes a man a leader. It depends largely, they say, on the nature of the group and the job it is formed to do. But there is the well-known saying that the office makes the man. People adopt the *persona* which is expected of them—as a chairman, for instance—and it has a snowball effect. The same is true when people come to be thought of as authorities on various matters. They make portentous pronouncements which are unquestioningly accepted though they may turn out to be wrong. The carry-over to other spheres is a well-known phenomenon—scientists pontificating about politics and so on. Socrates spent much of his life attacking such self-generated oracles.

Another obvious point to be made about this snowball effect is that success is crucial—especially in the case of the charismatic leader, who is often rather like a man who has a knack of spotting a Derby winner without a system. What he says must be right just because it is *he* who has said it. He has some personal incommunicable flair, and the more often he is right the more readily will he be believed or followed. Indeed in some societies there are institutional devices for covering up failure so that the authority cannot be wrong.

Success, too, strengthens another necessary condition for the effective exercise of authority—the expectation of being believed, followed, or obeyed. People will tend to accept decisions and obey orders in proportion as the man who makes them expects that they will. Any successful schoolmaster knows this. We have phrases like 'an air of authority', and Jesus, it is said, produced consternation because as a boy he spoke 'with authority' in the temple. In the voice and countenance appear the outward signs of the inner certitude which is usually necessary for the exercise of authority. For it is not sufficient for a man to be in fact wise or a felicitous prophet if he is to exercise authority. He must be known to be so. A man cannot exercise authority if he hides his light under a bushel. And his *persona* must correspond roughly to the image of authority shared by the group. A man who tries to exercise authority in the manner of a sergeant-major will get short shrift in a progressive school.

Psychological probing such as this might help to dispel further the aura of authority. But it would do little to explain why it is that the modern world seems so prone to produce charismatic figures—a strange phenomenon in view of the spread of enlightenment. As a matter of fact this very spread of enlightenment may have had, to a certain extent, this rather paradoxical result. For

such enlightenment has been evident in two main spheres—science and moral argument. And both science and moral argument have been used in social regulation to an increasing extent in the past 100 years to supplement authority, or to take its place.

Authority is only one way of bringing about conformity. There is also power. To use power is to get others to do what you want by force, by threats, by economic pressure, by propaganda, suggestion, and other such irrational means. Animals exert power; so do brigands and hypnotists. They produce conformity without being able to give orders or without having to do so.

Now modern science has put into our hands instruments for the exercise of power which were scarcely dreamed of by our ancestors. I need only mention gas-chambers, mass advertising, techniques of propaganda, and nuclear weapons to convey the drift of what I mean. These can be used to reinforce authority of a centralized sort, or they can be used to disrupt it. And they certainly have a tendency to dwarf the importance of old systems of authority which were exercised in a more face-to-face manner. If they favour any sort of authority, it is usually that of the charismatic sort. Politicians are groomed to get the right sort of oracular aura on television.

Along with the enlightenment of science has come also the enlightenment of morality, which has had a widespread disrupting influence on older systems of authority. For there is a long tradition which stresses the incompatibility between authority and both science and morality. For just as in science the importance of the *auctor* or originator is at a minimum, it never being justifiable in scientific institutions to set up individuals or bodies who will either be the originators of pronouncements or the arbiters of the truth of pronouncements made; so also it would be held that a rule cannot be a moral rule if it is to be accepted just because someone has laid it down or made a decision between competing alternatives. Reasons must be given, as in science.

There is, therefore, a basic procedural hostility between science and morality, on the one hand, and authority. This is especially evident in religion—another of the established bastions of authority. For, in the end, every religion rests on some sort of authoritative criterion, like the Bible, an *ex cathedra* utterance of a pope, or the revelation to an individual believer. Moral beliefs, on the other hand, like scientific ones, must be rationally justified.

Effects of Spread of Enlightenment

The spread of enlightenment, therefore, in the form of science and morality, has had two main effects in relation to authority. On the one hand it has tended to disrupt and transform it by insisting on reasons for policy rather than authoritative edicts, and by claiming that authority is only to be tolerated if it has some rational justification. On the other hand, by encouraging the trust in reason it has put on men the joy—or burden—of making decisions for themselves on many matters which were previously left to tradition or to authoritative pronouncements. The psychologists tell us of the difficulty which we have in outgrowing our need for the authoritative figure of the father. The family being on the decline as a social institution, and the traditional father figures—the priest, the lord, and the headman of the village—having been more or less sent packing, it is fatally easy for men to turn to a substitute like de Gaulle in a time of trouble and indecision. This is a favourite theme of those sociologists like Fromm, who have written about the fear of freedom.

I am not suggesting that this loosening up of the old authorities is a bad thing. I am just making comparisons. I am also suggesting that when science and morality develop and help to oust traditional forms of authority they do not simply replace it by more tolerable forms of legal-rational authority. They also sometimes create a vacuum into which charismatic authority may be thrust. In a social system there must be authority; the only question is what *sort* of authority there should be and what should be its bounds. I think that in this country we have evolved a reasonably sane attitude towards civil authority; from John Locke onwards, too, we have worked out a tolerable *modus vivendi* between the claims of morality and those of the state. But I think that we are still in a transitional muddle in relation to another institution—the family. It is this theme which I wish to develop in my next talk.—*Third Programme*

Revolutionaries and their Principles

The Moral Dilemmas of Lenin

By ISAAC DEUTSCHER

LENIN often invoked the examples of Cromwell and Robespierre; and he defined the role of the Bolshevik as that of a 'modern Jacobin acting in close touch with the working class, as its revolutionary agent'. Yet, unlike the Jacobin and the Puritan leaders, Lenin was not a moralist. He invoked Robespierre and Cromwell as men of action and masters of revolutionary strategy, not as ideologues. He recalled that even as leaders of bourgeois revolutions Robespierre and Cromwell were in conflict with the bourgeoisie, which did not understand the needs even of bourgeois society; and that they had to arouse the lower classes, the yeomanry, the artisans, and the urban plebs. From both the Puritan and the Jacobin experience Lenin also drew the lesson that it was in the nature of a revolution to overreach itself in order to perform its historic task—revolutionaries had, as a rule, to aim at what was in their time unattainable, in order to secure what was attainable.

Yet, while the Puritans and the Jacobins were in their consciences guided by moral absolutes, Cromwell by the 'word of God', and Robespierre by a metaphysical idea of virtue, Lenin refused to attribute absolute validity to any ethical principle or law. He accepted no supra-historic morality, no categorical imperative, whether religious or secular. As did Marx, he regarded men's ethical ideas as part of their social consciousness, which often was a false consciousness, reflecting and veiling, transfiguring and glorifying certain social needs, class interests, and requirements of authority.

It was therefore in a spirit of historical relativism that Lenin approached questions of morality. Yet it would be a mistake to confuse this with moral indifference. Lenin was a man of strong principles; and on his principles he acted with an extraordinary, selfless dedication, and with intense moral passion. It was, I think, Bukharin who first said that the Leninist philosophy of historic determinism had this in common with the Puritan doctrine of predestination that, far from blunting, it sharpened the sense of personal moral responsibility.

Cromwell and Robespierre became revolutionaries when they were caught up by the current of actual revolution; neither of them had at the threshold of his career chosen to work for the overthrow of the established system of government. Lenin, on the contrary, deliberately entered the path of the revolutionary a full quarter of a century before 1917. Of the thirty years of his political activity, he exercised power in the course of only six years—for twenty-four years he was an outlaw, an underground fighter, a political prisoner, and an exile. During those twenty-four years he expected no reward for his struggle other than moral satisfaction. As late as January 1917 he said at a public meeting that he and men of his generation would probably not live to see the triumph of revolution in Russia. What, then, gave him, a man of political genius and of extraordinary ability in many other fields, the moral strength to condemn himself to persecution and penury in the service of a cause the triumph of which he did not even expect to see?

It was the old dream of human freedom. He himself, the

greatest realist among revolutionaries, used to say that it was impossible to be a revolutionary without being a dreamer and without having a streak of romanticism. The enlargement of human freedom implied for him, in the first instance, the freeing of Russia from Tsardom and from a way of life rooted in age-old serfdom. Ultimately it implied the liberation of society at large from the less obvious but not less real domination of man by man inherent in the prevalence of bourgeois property. He saw in the contradiction between the social character of modern production and the unsocial character of bourgeois property the chief source of that irrationalism which condemns modern society to recurrent crises and wars, and makes it impossible for mankind even to begin to master its own destiny. If, to Milton, Englishmen loyal to the King were not free men, and royalism was moral slavery, then to Lenin loyalty to the bourgeois society and its forms of property was also moral slavery. Only that action was moral to him which hastened the end of the bourgeois order and the establishment of the proletarian dictatorship; for he believed that only such a dictatorship could pave the way for a classless and stateless society.

Lenin was aware of the contradiction inherent in this attitude. His ideal was a society free from class domination and state authority; yet immediately he sought to establish the supremacy of a class, the working class, and to found a new state, the proletarian dictatorship. He sought to resolve this dilemma by insisting that, unlike other states, the proletarian dictatorship would have no need of any oppressive government machine—it would not need any privileged bureaucracy which, as a rule, 'is separated from the people, elevated above it, and opposed to it'. In his *State and Revolution*, which he wrote on the eve of the Bolshevik seizure of power, he described the proletarian dictatorship as a sort of a para-state, a state without a standing army and police, a state constituted by 'a people in arms', not by a bureaucracy, a state progressively dissolving in society and working towards its own extinction.

Here, in this conception, and in its conflict with the realities of the Russian revolution, was the source of the one truly great and crushing moral crisis Lenin ever knew—the crisis at the end of his life. He had often to face grave dilemmas, to submit his views to the test of experience; to revise them, to retrace his steps, to acknowledge defeat, and—what was more difficult—to admit error; he knew moments of hesitation, anguish, and even of nervous breakdown, for to the actual Lenin, not the Lenin of the Soviet iconography, nothing human was alien. He suffered the most severe nervous strain whenever he had to confront old friends as political enemies. Never till the end of his life did he overcome the pain that his breach with Martov, the leader of the Mensheviks, had caused him. He was profoundly shaken by the behaviour of the leaders of the Socialist International in 1914, at the outbreak of the first world war, when he decided to brand them as 'traitors to socialism'. Yet at none of these and other important political turns did he experience anything like a moral crisis.



Lenin: 1870-1924

Let me give you two further illustrations: in 1917 he had pledged himself to convoke and uphold the Constituent Assembly. Early in 1918 he convoked it and dispersed it. Yet he had no qualms about that act. His loyalty was to the October revolution and the Soviets; and when the Constituent Assembly took up an attitude of irreconcilable opposition to both, it was in a mood of almost humorous equanimity that he ordered its dispersal. In 1917, too, he had pledged himself and his party to fight for world revolution and even to wage a revolutionary war against Hohenzollern Germany. But early in 1918, at Brest Litovsk, he came to terms with the Kaiser's government, and signed with it a 'shameful' peace, as he himself put it. Yet he did not feel that he had broken his pledge: he was convinced that by concluding that peace he had secured a respite for the Russian revolution, and that for the time being this was the only service he could render to world revolution.

No Dishonour in a Retreat

In this and in some other situations he held that *réculer pour mieux sauter* was a sound maxim. He saw nothing dishonourable in the behaviour of a revolutionary who retreats from his position before overwhelming enemy forces, provided that the revolutionary acknowledges the retreat as a retreat and does not misrepresent it as an advance. This, incidentally, was one of the important differences between Lenin and Stalin; and it is a moral difference, the difference between truthfulness and prestige-ridden, bureaucratic mendacity. It was precisely when he had to bow to expediency, and to act 'opportunisticly' that Lenin was more than usually anxious to preserve in his party the sense of its direction—a clear awareness of the goal for which it was striving. He had brought up his party in an enthusiasm as ardent and a discipline as severe as were the enthusiasm and the discipline of Cromwell's soldiers. But he was also on guard against the excess of enthusiasm which had more than once led revolutionary parties to quixotry and defeat.

Guided by this astringent realism, Lenin was then for five years engaged in building the Soviet state. The administrative machine he created had little in common with the ideal model of it he had drawn in *State and Revolution*. A powerful army and an awe-inspiring political police came into being. The new administration reabsorbed much of the old Tsarist bureaucracy. Far from merging with a 'people in arms', the new state, like the old, was 'separated from the people and elevated above it'. At the head of the state stood the party's Old Guard, Lenin's Bolshevik Saints. The single-party system took shape. What was to have been a mere para-state was in fact a super-state.

Lenin could not have been unaware of all this. Yet for about five years he had, or appeared to have, a calm conscience, no doubt because he felt that he had retreated from his position under the overwhelming pressure of circumstances. Revolutionary Russia could not survive without a strong and centralized state. A 'people in arms' could not defend her against the White Armies and foreign intervention—a severely disciplined and centralized army was needed for that. The Cheka, the new political police, he held, was indispensable for the suppression of counter-revolution. It was impossible to overcome the devastation, chaos, and social disintegration consequent upon civil war by the methods of a workers' democracy. The working class itself was dispersed, exhausted, apathetic, or demoralized. The nation could not regenerate itself by itself—'from below'; and Lenin saw that a strong hand was needed to guide it from above, through a painful transition era of unpredictable duration. This conviction gave him what appeared to be an unshakable moral self-confidence in his course of action.

Breakdown of Self-confidence

Then, as if suddenly, his self-confidence broke down. The process of state building was already well advanced, and he himself was nearing the end of his active life, when he was seized by acute doubt, apprehension, and alarm. He realized that he had gone too far, and that the new machine of power was turning into a mockery of his principles. He felt alienated from the state of his own making. At a party congress, in April 1922, the last congress he attended, he strikingly expressed this sense of aliena-

tion. He said that often he had the uncanny sensation which a driver has when he suddenly becomes aware that his vehicle is not moving in the direction in which he steers it. 'Powerful forces', he declared, 'diverted the Soviet state from its "proper road"'. He first threw out this remark as if casually, in an aside; but the feeling behind it then took hold of him until it gripped him completely. He was already ill and suffered from spells of sclerotic paralysis; but his mind still worked with relentless clarity. In the intervals between attacks of illness, he struggled desperately to make the vehicle of the state move 'in the right direction'. Again and again he failed. He was puzzled by his failures. He brooded over the reasons. He began to succumb to a sense of guilt, and, finally, he found himself in the throes of his moral crisis, a crisis which was all the more cruel because it aggravated his mortal illness and was aggravated by it.

He asked himself what it was that was transforming the Workers' Republic into an oppressive bureaucratic state. He surveyed repeatedly the familiar basic factors of the situation: the isolation of the revolution; the poverty, the ruin, and the backwardness of Russia; the anarchic individualism of the peasantry; the weakness and demoralization of the working class; and so on.

But something else now also struck him with great force. As he watched his colleagues, followers, and disciples—those revolutionaries turned rulers—their behaviour and methods of government reminded him more and more of the behaviour and the methods of the old Tsarist bureaucracy. He thought of those instances in history when one nation conquered another but then the defeated nation, if it represented a higher civilization, imposed its own way of life and its own culture on the conquerors, defeating them spiritually. Something similar, he concluded, can happen in the struggle between social classes: defeated Tsardom was in fact imposing its own standards and methods on his own party. It was galling for him to have to make this admission, but he made it: Tsardom was spiritually conquering the Bolsheviks, because the Bolsheviks were less civilized than even the Tsar's bureaucracy had been.

Lenin's Growing Dismay

Having gained this deep and ruthless insight into what was happening, he watched his followers and disciples with growing dismay. More and more often he thought of the *dzierzhymordas* of old Russia, the gendarmes, the leaders of the old police state, the oppressors of national minorities, and so on. Were they not sitting now, as if resurrected, in the Bolshevik Politburo? In this mood he wrote his last will, in which he said that Stalin had already gathered too much power in his hands, and that the party would be well advised to remove him from the office of its General Secretary. At this time, towards the end of 1922, Stalin was sponsoring a new constitution which deprived the national minorities of many of the rights hitherto guaranteed to them, and which, in a sense, re-established the 'one and indivisible' Russia of old by giving almost unlimited powers to the central government in Moscow. At the same time both Stalin and Dzerzhinsky, the head of the political police, were engaged in a brutal suppression of oppositions in Georgia and in the Ukraine.

On his sick bed, while he was struggling with his paralysis, Lenin decided to speak up and denounce the *dzierzhymorda*, the big brutish bully, who was in the name of revolution and socialism, reviving the old oppression. But Lenin did not absolve himself from responsibility; he was now a prey to remorse, which was extinguishing the feeble flame of life left in him but which also aroused him and gave him strength for an extraordinary act. He decided not merely to denounce Stalin and Dzerzhinsky but to make a confession of his own guilt.

On December 30, 1922, cheating his doctors and nurses, he began to dictate notes on Soviet policy towards the small nations, notes intended as a message to the next party congress. 'I am, it seems, strongly guilty before the workers of Russia': these were his opening words, words the like of which had hardly ever been uttered by any ruler, words which Stalin subsequently suppressed and which Russia was to read for the first time only after thirty-three years, after the Twentieth Congress. Lenin felt guilty before the working class of his country because, so he said, he had not

acted with sufficient determination and early enough against Stalin and Dzerzhinsky, against their Great Russian chauvinism, against the suppression of the rights of the small nations, and against the new oppression, in Russia, of the weak by the strong. He now saw, he continued, in what 'swamp' of oppression the Bolshevik Party had landed: Russia was ruled once again by the old Tsarist administration to which the Bolsheviks 'had given only a Soviet veneer'; and once again the national minorities 'were exposed to

the irruption of that truly Russian man, the Great Russian chauvinist who is essentially a scoundrel and an oppressor as is the typical Russian bureaucrat'.

For thirty-three years this message was to be concealed from the Soviet people. Yet I think that in these words: 'I am, it seems, strongly guilty before the workers of Russia'—in his ability to utter such words—lay an essential part of Lenin's moral greatness.—*Third Programme*

The Church and the River

A portrait of Caudebec-en-Caux by WILLIAM TOWNSEND

FROM across the river you could suppose, for a while, you were seeing exactly what was photographed for the pre-war postcards. Yet since then Caudebec has been bombed, by the Germans in 1940, by the allies in 1944, and mostly burned down. It was a place where you could feel you were as near the Middle Ages as you were likely to get. You could be seized by another time. You could not now. Yet it takes more, still, it seems, than a single war to make a town a different place. Some pattern survives that is a shrine for the identity of these resurrected places. And then, at Caudebec, there is always the great church and the bend of the river.

The town faces, across the Seine, the water-meadows and poplars of the peninsula of Brotonne. The towpath along the far bank is fringed with familiar wasteland plants grown bigger than they are supposed to be and, looking back from there, between the burdock and the mugwort you see the strung-out buildings of Caudebec across the water; summer villas, as once they were, set back among gigantic dark trees and between them more closely grouped blocks of new buildings, the colour of ripe camembert, standing solidly along the quayside with parked cars glittering at their feet. The buildings do not pretend to be other than new but look all right because they have respected a traditional hierarchy of scale and mass between one block and another and have kept those irregular intervals at which streets open on to the quayside. Behind them the high buttresses and the spire of the church stand pale against the dark slopes where the forest of Maulévrier falls across the hills like a wave towards the river. The scene is still exactly like a painting by Monet—at least Monet makes us see it like that.

Away to the left, shining where the cliffs break through the woods curving round towards Villequier, a small, pale object stands forward from the darkness of the trees. It is a statue of Victor Hugo gazing towards us across the stretch of water where his daughter and her young husband were drowned. One is touched by the thought of the father's anguish transformed into a lasting visible feature of this gracious scenery, a small sharp accent in it; but a nearer view of the statue arouses more ambivalent feelings: near views of statues often do. The rugged head will pass as pathetic portraiture but the clothes fit the body as the war-time air-raid warden's garb fitted Sir Winston Churchill



The church of Notre Dame at Caudebec-en-Caux

E. Mignon

—almost too well; the body seems smoothed down, rounded and simplified as though for some aquatic enterprise.

There can be no such qualifications about the *monument historique*, the church of Notre Dame. I first saw it and remember the day—on one of my first visits to France. My father stopped me in front of the church and said: 'Have a look at this. It is the real thing'; and he was right. It was begun in 1426 and built in the hundred years following—the time of English Perpendicular architecture. The English army occupied Caudebec when building started, and it owes a window of English glass to this fact, though little else. The contrasts with what was built in England are so much more striking; first, with the straightness and 'lininess' of our Perpendicular, where you so often feel that the lines are all that matter. At Caudebec there is a far more complicated and dense harmony, curves and straight lines and something more than geometry connect the parts together—it seems in so many more directions and in more senses. And then I do not feel there, as I do in some English Perpendicular churches, that it is just a marvellous technical development, that here is a kind of secular virtuosity

masquerading other connections. To compare Bath Abbey with this is like comparing the Bishop's household in Barchester with the household of Sir Thomas More; the sins of the first are no more than venial, but rather a lot does seem to be missing.

Perpendicular architecture suddenly appears too exclusive—as if its harmony comes from too much cutting out—while the architecture of Le Tellier at Caudebec still deals in all the elements the art can compass. The west front with its three portals has the combination of light and shade, of deep repose and a complementary lavishness of movement, which we know in the great French cathedral fronts; at the side of the church rises a tower, of almost austere proportions and surface, which breaks into a spire like a triple crown of incomparable richness where diagonal bands of decorated stone work lead through a maze of stone tracery, like stairways from stage to stage. Inside the church the nave is successful in a way that neither dexterity, nor sensibility, nor even pure mathematics alone would contrive. Whenever I look at one of these astounding medieval buildings I wonder what we produce that is in any way comparable. They have an immediacy of impact that indeed connects them with the

art of our day, and with our spectacular industrial buildings, but this can hardly have been much in the intention of their builders. It is this immediacy combined with their remoteness which is so strange, for the remoteness is not due only to time, for which we can account; it really does derive from the spirit in which they were built, from the inclusiveness of thought and aspiration that is beyond the power of such specialists as we are.

Then the style is so disturbing, the fact that everything has it; nearly all the chapels, perhaps as many as twenty, have some statue, a carved altarpiece, some panelling, a pietá, a whole group of seventeenth-century statues mourning at the sepulchre. How have they all got there, how can it all have happened? Some are the work, you can see, of local craftsmen, not very skilful perhaps, certainly not artists of much vision, carving the patron saints of the tanners or the dyers—but there is scarcely anything that looks provincial. There is all the difference possible between having outsiders' ideas of how the grand style looks and trying to make something like, for so long the fate of English artists; between that and being so much in the style yourself that you do not even think about it; however clumsy you are, whatever mistakes you make, you cannot miss it; the result may even be ridiculous, but it has style. And then the glass here, late gothic, early Renaissance; not at all to be despised, far from it; there is a wonderful scene of the blue horses of Pharaoh's host plunging and struggling in a vermillion sea—perhaps we have not got our eye in for the glass of this period as it is one which in Britain we almost missed out altogether.

How did it all happen in this small place, and in smaller places, too, that nobody bothers about, so that wherever you go you feel you are not far from the capital, so that in the church of Vatteville-la-Rue—and that is a village consisting entirely of timber-framed farms and barns among lanes where one motor-car a day would seem surprising—one feels so much nearer the centre than in Ealing?

As I watch the people come in from Vatteville on market day, getting off the ferry with their baskets of eggs or two ducks tied by the neck, I look for people who might have built these churches, carved the statues, fired the glass, or for that matter, for the thing goes on, who might be the Léger or the Braque of the next generation. There is a woman who has a stall on market day; she comes in from a village across the Seine; she has a row of brawn puddings in basins of various sizes which she sells; it is a lesson in style to watch the way she takes them from the basins, loosening them with a flat knife, tipping them so that they fall without leaving a streak of fat in the basin; the way she stacks the basins. She does not hurry and it cannot go wrong because there is more than habit, skill, or concentration in it; there is effortless familiarity with something that has always been a part of life, unquestioned as the expression of something that has to be done. You feel that making all sorts of works of art was also something taken for granted here, something that had to be done; a part of life, just as the *mascaret* has been a part of life for as long as the Seine has followed the course it does.

The *mascaret* is to the Seine what the bore is to the Severn or the aegir to the Trent. It is a wave that comes up river with the spring and autumn tides and at a few other times. Reaching Caudebec when the water is slack it reverses the tide and sets the whole scene swimming in the opposite direction.

Visitors, idlers, children line the river front to wait for it,

as they would wait for a procession. So do the motorists wishing to cross by the ferry, for the ferry moves out into the stream without them, and turns to face the *mascaret*. You see, first, a white crest combing along the wall at Villequier three miles away, then the breaker against the farther bank appears round the distant curve; for a time the nearer end is hidden behind the wooded cliffs and only a dark bar across the river comes forward and smoothes away the broken silvery glitter of the ebbing water. Then from behind the trees comes a growing sound, indeterminate at first, which is greeted by an involuntary 'A-ah!' from the crowd. Suddenly, we seem like more primitive people than we thought we were; prediction has come true and now we are helpless. With such a voice some gathering of savages led out by a well-briefed medicine man might greet the first bite of an eclipse.

This human sound is a surprise—it is not acclaim, nor mere excitement; it suggests an awed relief that things happen as we were told and that there is nothing we can do about them except wait. The sound of the wave grows like wind tearing between the trees of a forest but mixed with a shattering and less continuous sound made by the racing shingle of the river bed

as it is scooped and churned in the dragging trough behind the wave: all told, a sound that Sibelius might have contrived, it could be fitted into 'Tapiola' perhaps—only a trombone could pierce it. The *gendarmes* fussing about in the crowd blow whistles and start running like madmen trying to race a train, calling people back from the edge of the promenade, shoving children from vantage posts soon to be for a moment submerged. Then the head of foam goes creaming along the quay, a spout of water leaps into the air where the wall breaks into it, the banging of the shingle sucked along



The *mascaret* breaking over the river wall at Caudebec

Studio Huon

behind it is drowned in the falling water, and when you look again the river is full and racing upstream.

The few people who got drenched shake their clothes and laugh at each other. Small boys dash for the newly made pools on the pavements and in the grass, to scoop out the small fish thrown up. They have polythene bags prepared for them. The *mascaret* is soon far on its way leading the tide and all the traffic of the river up towards Rouen, seeming to drag after it the strings of petrol barges, then the big tankers which have suddenly appeared and which seem so much higher in the landscape than you expect. The ferry puts in to the quay again to pick up the waiting cars and swings them away towards the opposite shore, whirling upstream in a shuddering arc.

In a little while the undisturbed landscape of impressionism is re-established; the river is silver, gold, and violet moving swiftly with a faltering glitter, and we have had our moment of Victor Hugo.—*Third Programme*

Among recent books on art and architecture are: *Chinese Painting*, by Peter C. Swann (Zwemmer, for Pierre Tisné, £3.3s.); *Chinese Celadon Wares*, by G. St. G. M. Gompertz (Faber, £2.10s.); *Classical Sinhalese Sculpture c. 300 B.C. to A.D. 1000*, by D. T. Devendra (Tiranti, 30s.); *A Short Account of Early Muslim Architecture*, by K. A. C. Creswell (Pelican, 8s. 6d.); *My Life in Art*, by Bemelmans (Deutsch, 42s.); *Painting for All*, by Mervyn Levy (Odhams, 25s.); *The Connoisseur Year Book 1959*, edited and compiled by L. G. G. Ramsay (The Connoisseur, 25s.); *Poussin*, with introduction and notes by R. H. Wilenski, and *Monet*, with introduction and notes by Adrian Stokes (Faber, 15s. each).

Seasickness and Research

By F. H. TODD

IT is often said that the sufferer from seasickness goes through two stages when meeting bad weather at sea: the first in which he is afraid the ship is going to sink; the second in which he fears it is not. The malady appears at first sight to be indiscriminating in its attacks, and often the most healthy passengers appear to be the first victims. And it is not confined to passengers, for even Nelson was prone to its attacks for a short while each time he put to sea.

There are two obvious lines of attack on this problem: one, to devise drugs to make the victim immune to the vagaries of Father Neptune; the other, to make the ship more resistant to his attacks upon it. Unfortunately for passenger shipping companies, there now exists also a method of escape altogether from these dangers—to fly far above the weather and its effects.

But there will probably always be people who prefer the sea to the air. Such people are content to leave air travel to those who are in a hurry or limited in their vacation time, but nevertheless they undoubtedly appreciate anything that can be done for their comfort while at sea. Not least among such improvements is the reduction of ship motion and the consequent effect upon the incidence of seasickness. It is evident that ship-owners are alert to this problem and are anxious to ensure that existing and new ships are equipped so far as possible to make them sea-kindly and popular.

Many factors, both physical and psychological, have been blamed for the onset of sickness, but little real research seems to have been done on the problem. During the war it proved to be of vital importance when many new entrants to the navies of the world were found to be useless because of their susceptibility to motion sickness, and it was also a factor in all amphibious operations. No man is in his best fighting spirit if put ashore from a landing craft on a hostile beach in the throes of seasickness. Attempts were made to combat or alleviate the symptoms by the use of drugs, of which several varieties now exist and are in fairly common civilian use today.

Findings of the U.S. Navy

After the war the United States Navy undertook some research into the causes of seasickness, and some of the findings have been reported by one of the medical officers concerned, Captain Shaw. As an indication of the seriousness of the problem he states that in the years 1942 to 1945, no fewer than 25,000 men were admitted to the sick list for this reason, being non-effective for an average of eight days, while over 10,000 were released from the navy because of 'incurable' seasickness. At sea it was found that 90 per cent. of the totally inexperienced might become ill on their first voyage if extremely rough seas were encountered. Motion sickness is, of course, not confined to sea travellers: it also occurs in aircraft, trains, and automobiles, and one factor that seems to be common to all cases is that of a steady-succession of rhythmic accelerations and decelerations: in other words, increases and decreases in the velocity of movement.

Captain Shaw suggests that apprehension and nervous tension in the individual may play a part, and also environment: cabins too hot and inadequately ventilated, the smell of food cooking and of paint. It is also a matter of common observation that people with an interesting task on hand are less likely to suffer than those who are idle and have too much time to think. But Captain Shaw was of the opinion that the significance of psychological factors in the onset of seasickness was perhaps more apparent than real, and that the true culprit was the physical effect upon the body of the forces induced by acceleration. This is the same feeling as we experience in a lift, but repeated regularly for long periods. In a ship they are essentially due to the motions of roll, pitch, and heave. By 'heave' I mean the bodily up and down motion of the whole ship.



One of the two forward fins of the 'Queen Elizabeth': a photograph taken while the liner was in dry dock

To study the relationship between ship motions and seasickness, in 1951 the United States Navy carried out observations on two troop ships on routine voyages on the North Atlantic on which were installed roll and pitch recorders, and also accelerometers to measure the accelerations due to roll, heave, and pitch. A clinical study was made of the onset of seasickness among nearly 600 troops who were confined to various compartments along the length of the ship. The highest incidence of seasickness was found when the linear acceleration due to heave and pitch reached a maximum, when the pitch was some plus or minus 4.8 degrees with a period of 9.2 seconds. The 'period' is the time for a complete cycle of motion, i.e., from the time the bow is in its uppermost position until it again reaches that position. In contrast with this a much greater degree of rolling, actually maximum rolling of plus or minus 12.5 degrees with a period of 13.3 seconds, did not induce much sickness at all. The nauseating effects of this cycle acceleration and deceleration due to heave and pitch were found to exist in all compartments, and the highest percentage of sickness was in those nearest the ends of the ship where the linear accelerations were of course greatest. In fact, on this particular ship, a significant, almost direct correlation was found between linear acceleration and the onset of sickness. In individual cases certain other factors were also of importance, such as the position of the body, the time relationship of changes in ship motion to meal times, whether the motion became worse before a meal, previous experience at sea, and the adaptation to the motion during the voyage; but the one common factor was linear acceleration.

The conclusions drawn from these experiments agree with general experience. In the average liner at sea, rolling even to fairly large angles can be tolerated as regards its effect on sickness, although it is of course most undesirable so far as comfort is concerned, and the prolonged physical strain of adapting oneself to continual and prolonged rolling, whether walking, sitting, or in one's bed, can become fatiguing. In rolling, the periods are fairly long, and the leverages small, so that the resulting accelerations, the changes in velocity, are small. In pitching and heaving the periods are much shorter, and in the former the leverages are much greater—up to two-thirds the length of the ship—so that the linear accelerations are much higher. As a result, although the maximum angles of pitch are much less than

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B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

January 28—February 3

Wednesday, January 28

Commons debate the Government's policy on convertibility of sterling

President Eisenhower asks Congress for legislation to purge American trade unions of corruption

Three persons killed and twenty-five injured when a tramcar catches fire in Glasgow

Thursday, January 29

Worst fog of the winter causes widespread dislocation of transport in southern England

Government gives second reading to Street Offences Bill

Prince Rainier of Monaco suspends the Constitution

Conservatives hold seat in Southend by-election

Friday, January 30

The new Danish ship, *Hans Hedtoft*, sinks on her maiden voyage after striking an iceberg off southern Greenland: all on board are believed lost

General de Gaulle gives his first radio and television broadcast to the nation as President

Report on negotiations on the Free Trade Area up to December, 1958, is published by the Government as a White Paper

Saturday, January 31

It is announced in Washington that Mr. Dulles will fly to London, Paris, and Bonn next week for discussion on Germany

The Hungarian Government says that it must limit the activities of the United States Legation in Budapest

Signor Fanfani, the out-going Italian Prime Minister, resigns leadership of the Christian Democrats

Sunday, February 1

Mr. Dulles tells reporters that in his forthcoming talks in Europe he will discuss the possibility of talks with the Russians about Germany as a whole

In a national poll in Switzerland proposal to give women the vote is rejected

Monday, February 2

The Home Secretary's plans for penal reform are published as a White Paper

Commons pass second reading of Malta Bill, designed to restore to the Queen the power to revoke any part of the Malta constitution

Tuesday, February 3

Many workers in Malta stay away from work in response to Mr. Mintoff's call for a 'day of mourning'

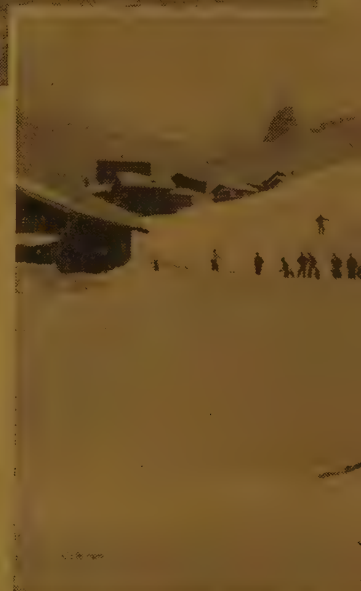
It is announced that sterling area's gold and dollar reserves went up £15,000,000 in January



His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, continuing his tour of India, visited the Maharajah of Jaipur on January 23. He is seen, accompanied by the Maharajah, watching one of the richly caparisoned elephants of the palace, as it raised its painted trunk in salute

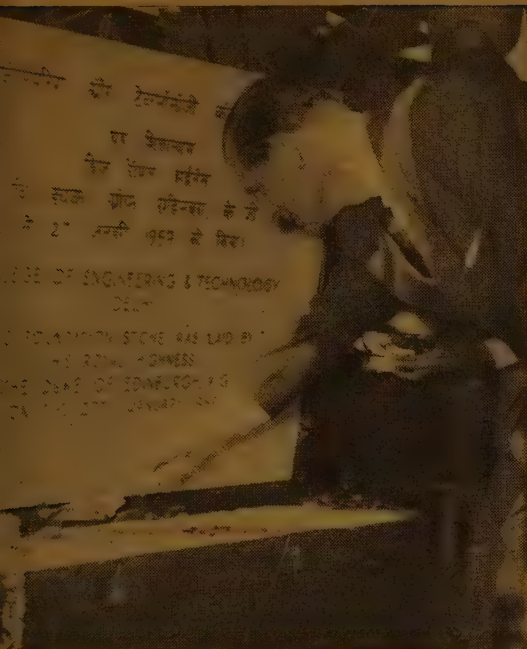


A photograph taken in Trafalgar Square, London, during the dense fog which shrouded most of the southern half of England on January 29. Right: oil heaters being lit under one of the marquees covering the Murrayfield football ground, Edinburgh, to thaw out the pitch for the rugby match between Scotland and Wales next Saturday



Michael Carrington of England and on the rink at Arosa, Switzerland, European Figure Skating





The foundation stone of the College of Technology, near Delhi, last week. Today he is on his fortnight's visit to Pakistan



The new Danish ship *Hans Hedtoft* (2,800 tons) which sank on January 30 after striking an iceberg on the return journey of her maiden voyage to Greenland. She had a total of 95 passengers and crew on board. Ships and aircraft answering her call for help were hindered by heavy seas and blizzards; no sign of any survivors had been found after four days' search



Austria giving an exhibition of ice skating at international ice show held there. The event began at Davos on February 1



Cashing a cheque at Britain's first 'drive-in' bank (a branch of the Westminster Bank in Liverpool), which opened on January 30. The cashier and customer converse through microphones and the windows are bullet-proof and sound-proof



A four-poster bed (formerly owned by Sir Anthony Eden) provided a comfortable vantage point for people attending a sale at Sotheby's in London last week



Work in progress on one of the 130-foot towers which will support a new bridge linking the Isle of Sheppey, Kent, to the mainland

(continued from page 249)

those of roll, and the effects in the saloon and in adjusting oneself to the pitching motion are thereby so much the easier, the effects as a cause of seasickness are much greater.

The motion of a ship depends both on the prevailing state of the sea and upon her own size, shape, speed, and condition of loading. The state of the sea we cannot influence, though its effects may be moderated by adjustment to the ship's course and speed and maybe by a deviation from the usual route.

A 'Regular' Sea

The simplest type of sea is one in which we have a steady succession of waves of the same length and height—a 'regular' sea. When a ship is moving head-on to such a sea, she meets successive wave crests at regular intervals, called the period of encounter. This period will depend on the length of the waves, for longer waves move faster than short ones, and on the speed of the ship. It is found from model tests in regular waves that for waves of lengths less than about three-quarters that of the ship, there is very little heave or pitch, and again when the wave length exceeds about one and a half ship lengths. In the intervening region, where the lengths of waves and ship are almost equal, we experience severe pitch and heave motions, shipping of green seas and maybe structural damage. This 'resonance' can be destroyed in two ways—a change of course of the ship will change the relative length of the waves, and a reduction in ship speed will change the period of encounter.

In actual practice, such regular seas are seldom encountered, the sea at any instant being compounded of a large number of effects coming from surrounding areas, sometimes hundreds of miles away. Nevertheless, the ship will still react to those components in the irregular sea which are of the correct frequency to give resonance, and a reduction in ship speed

will still result in a marked reduction in motion.

As to the ship herself, in the design period the effects of size and shape can be taken into account to some extent if one knows on which ocean route she is likely to operate, but in most cases this will change with time, and other commercial factors usually control the size of the ship required. Up to now little has really been known about the effects of the shape and proportions of a ship upon her motion in a seaway. One of the best ways to study this problem is by the use of models in a tank in which various sea conditions can be generated as desired, and new test facilities for carrying out research of this kind are being built today in many countries. In Britain a new tank at Feltham will be commissioned later this year.

Up to now most efforts to improve the comfort of passengers and crew have been confined to reducing rolling, and there have been many schemes devised, some using moving weights, others moving liquid, gyro stabilizers, and fixed or active fins. These fins stick out from the side of the ship below water and most ships possess the fixed type of fin in the shape of bilge keels, while at least two types of activated fin installations are now in common use. Indeed they have become almost a standard feature of all new passenger vessels. These fins are like small aircraft wings that can be tilted up or down. As a result of the forward speed of the ship, they exert a force tending to make her roll. The tilting mechanism is controlled by a very sensitive gyro, which senses incipient rolls due to the sea and ensures that the rolling forces due to the fins are always opposed to the natural roll. The result is to maintain the ship in the upright condition.

Roll has been tackled first because the reduction of roll is much easier than that of pitch, since the periods are longer and the forces involved much smaller. However we know that the problem of pitch reduction has to be eventually

attacked and overcome. This is necessary for many other reasons beyond its effects upon personal comfort. Excessive pitching enforces speed reduction because of the consequent shipping of green seas, racing of propeller, damage of superstructures, and in extreme cases the danger of possible serious structural damage.

At the present time facilities are nearing completion in many countries in which model tests can be carried out under conditions much more nearly approaching those actually experienced at sea than has been possible in the past. The new tank at Feltham will produce waves of various sizes into which radio-controlled models can be driven at different angles, thus simulating storms from various quarters.

It is evident that there is no lack of problems to be attacked, and we can confidently look forward to an ever-increasing effort in this field leading towards the design of better, faster, more comfortable, safer, and more efficient ships. Costly facilities are being provided, but the core of any research establishment is the quality of the scientists and engineers in it. Here the picture in Britain is not so good, and there is a serious dearth of the proper kind of people to undertake such work.

Today's Dilemma

Today we face the dilemma that, in general, only governments can afford to build and maintain such large facilities, but as a result the staff are expected to conform to regulations designed to control large departments, and not in any way flexible enough to take care of the specialists and scientists needed for research. In time this situation will undoubtedly change, but meanwhile it is hoped that enough young people, men and women, who love ships will find the urge sufficiently strong to enter this field, in which they will find no lack of interesting and challenging work.—*Network Three*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

A Prime Minister Remembers

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. H. W. Heckstall-Smith, asks whether Lord Attlee, in his television interview, was referring to certain warning leaflets, when he said that Japan had been given 'notice to quit' before the dropping of the atom bomb. It is more likely that Lord Attlee had in mind the Potsdam Declaration, which was broadcast to Japan on the night of July 26, 1945. This three-Power surrender demand and warning included no discernible allusion to the atom bomb. (The Japanese Prime Minister's rejection of the Declaration was published on July 28, and the bomb was dropped on August 6.)

Lord Attlee implied that the bomb was required to force the Emperor to give up, but, as we know now and as President Truman knew then, unless his interception of radio messages between Tokyo and Moscow had suddenly failed, the Emperor and others had been eager to end the war since at least July 13. Lord Attlee might have been on surer ground in saying that

the bomb was needed to overwhelm the war party in the Japanese Government, but the impression remains that the Allied 'statesmen' failed to respond to the olive branch from Japan, except by the peremptory Potsdam Declaration, which they must have known no face-conscious country could have accepted.—Yours, etc.,

Woking

J. H. BOWLES

How Foreign Are You?

Sir,—The main point of my letter (THE LISTENER, January 22) was that it is a mistake to think that the ideals of love and human brotherhood were introduced into the world by Christianity. In their replies, the Rev. John Moss, the Rev. Alan Fairhurst and Mr. A. D. Fitton-Brown do not dispute this point: they all concentrate on my more-or-less incidental remark that 'the teaching of Jesus was not particularly universalistic'. May I, therefore, defend this statement?

The pre-Christian Jewish tradition depicted a future Golden Age, in which Israel would

reign over a world converted to Judaism. To quote D. C. Somervell:

This latter forecast appears both in nobler and in baser forms. Sometimes the Gentiles are represented as gladly accepting conversion: at other times they are represented as being exterminated. Or again, the two ideas are combined and a remnant of the Gentiles is found worthy. However, even in those passages in which the Gentiles are found worthy, they do not receive equal treatment with Israel. 'Strangers shall stand and feed your flocks and the sons of the alien shall be your plowmen and your vinedressers. . . . Ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves' (Isaiah lxi, 5-6). (A Short History of our Religion, page 59.)

Later forms of the tradition held that the New Age would be inaugurated by a Messiah (the 'Son of Man'), and preceded by various cataclysms. It seems clear that Jesus believed himself to be the expected Messiah, but an interminable argument, with quotations and counter-quotations, could be waged on the questions of how literally he took the tradition,

and what was his attitude to the Gentiles. He is several times represented as telling the disciples to preach the Gospel 'throughout the world' or 'to all nations': but most of these statements are alleged to have been made after the resurrection (*Matthew* xxviii, 19, *Mark* xvi, 15, *Luke* xxiv, 47, *Acts* i, 8), and this, to a non-Christian, is sufficient reason for doubting their historicity. Some of his other reported sayings reflect an extreme Jewish exclusiveness: for example, his instruction to the disciples 'Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not: but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel' (*Matthew* x, 5-6), and his rebuff to the Canaanite woman: 'I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. . . . It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to dogs' (*Matthew* xv, 24, 26).

There seems no critically unassailable evidence that Jesus aspired to convert the world to his gospel, or to make Gentiles into members of a world-wide church. It is likely that these projects derived from Paul, rather than from the founder of Christianity.

However, this was not the main point of my letter. Even if Jesus had preached universal brotherhood—which there seems no adequate ground for believing—it would still be untrue to say that he introduced this doctrine into the world. As I showed, the doctrine was taught, unambiguously and explicitly, by the 'pagan' Stoics. It was also taught, long before that, by other non-Christians, such as Confucius.

Yours, etc.,

Aberdeen MARGARET KNIGHT

Sir,—It is a pity Mrs. Knight has adopted so polemical an approach to the important question of the sources of modern ideas about the brotherhood of man.

Certainly the doctrine was a feature of stoicism. As such it can be traced back to Zeno of Citium in Cyprus (floruit 300 B.C.). Plutarch suggested that Zeno derived it from reflection on the recent conquest of the civilized world by Alexander the Great, as a result of which all men were in a sense *de facto* brothers. Modern scholars have observed that most of the great stoics came from the same corner of the world as Zeno, and have wondered whether this un-Greek conception is ascribable to oriental influences. But in truth there is not enough evidence to trace it back behind Zeno.

Certainly also there was in Judaism a tradition of the same sort, derived ultimately from the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God. It is not easy to date the books in which it is most to the fore (*Ruth* and *Jonah*); they are probably about contemporary with Zeno. But it must be admitted that the contrary, nationalistic, tendency in the Judaism of the last three centuries B.C. was the stronger, and even survived the teaching of Jesus to cause trouble in the early church.

As to what Jesus himself taught, the parable of the good Samaritan gives a conclusive answer. It is as certain as any negative statement can be that in giving this teaching he was not influenced by stoicism; and there is no serious evidence that St. Paul was either. Stoic teaching on the subject provided a useful link for Christian apologists, and was subsequently absorbed into Christianity.

The interesting question that arises here is: why did teaching that was similar as between the two creeds become practically effective only in the Christian version? The answer lies, I suggest, in the fact that the cold hand of rationalism had been laid on the Stoic version. Behind most of the Stoic talk about 'love' one senses an austerity and even a self-centredness that vitiate and ultimately contradict it. Stoicism is a very weak ally for the cause of 'morals without religion'.

Yours, etc.,

J. C. DANCY

Lancing College

[This correspondence is now closed.—Editor,
THE LISTENER]

The Moon and the Rockets

Sir,—I am afraid that Mr. F. W. Cousins has misread my article about the Moon. I did not state that the Alphonsus outbreak proves the craters to be of volcanic origin; I did however state that the observation tends to support such a theory. All the alternative explanations of the phenomenon, including the two cited by Mr. Cousins, have serious weaknesses; a straightforward explanation of the outbreak seems to fit the facts best.

Lastly, I must point out that Professor Urey's low-temperature hypothesis is only one of several theories.

Yours, etc.,

East Grinstead

PATRICK MOORE

Sir,—Mr. F. W. Cousins has raised interesting points and Professor Urey's views are entitled to respect. I doubt, nevertheless, whether his purely theoretical solution can be described as 'conclusive', if only *fairly*. It is based on the known fact that the figure of the Moon departs somewhat from that of hydrostatic equilibrium, and from the moments of inertia of the lunar globe about its three main axes Professor Urey infers that the inner core of the Moon must have the rigidity of brick or else the surface mantle would subside into conformance with the equilibrium figure. This is a fine point. The discrepancies are not very large, the moments of inertia are not known with sufficient precision to warrant definite conclusions and much depends on the assumed structure of the outer mantle of the Moon. If this consists of porous rocks and is cavernous in structure, as there are good reasons to suspect, the stresses involved would be small and could be absorbed entirely at a comparatively small depth. In any event, observational data take precedence on theories.

The view that the material of the Moon has accumulated in cold condition does not exclude vulcanism. Indeed, it is now thought that the Earth also began its existence as a cold body. The underground heat is derived from the decay of the radioactive substances, concentrated chiefly within the topmost 'Sial' layer of the Earth. The density of this layer is closer to the mean density of the Moon than to that of the Earth, and it can be reasonably assumed that there is more Sial material in the Moon than there is in the Earth and so there would also be more radioactive matter in the lunar globe.

However this may be, there exists conclusive evidence that the geological processes known on the Earth have been at work on the lunar surface and, for instance, nobody has yet proposed a reasonable non-plutonic origin for the radial chains of craterlets on the slopes of such lunar

ring-mountains as Copernicus. These crater chains are quite similar in appearance to, say, those of Etna.

My own fairly extensive study of the lunar surface from the selenological point of view lends little support to the meteoritic hypothesis, though it does appear that lunar vulcanism has been mainly of the quiescent type. If we are to quote senior authorities, I think the opinions of Sir Harold Jeffries would be closest to the truth.

Yours, etc.,

V. A. FIRSOFF

Robert Burns after 200 Years

Sir,—Dr. David Daiches, in his talk, 'Robert Burns after 200 Years', makes several puzzling statements about Burns's songs.

Surely he is mistaken about 'Auld Lang Syne'. In his interleaved 'Museum' Burns noted, 'The original and by much the best set of the words of this song is as follows:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?'

There is also a chorus and four stanzas more.

In September 1793, Burns sent the same song to George Thomson with the note:

One song more, and I have done, 'Auld lang syne'. The air is but mediocre; but the following song—the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing—is enough to recommend any air.

Surely Burns here claimed to be no more than a folk song collector?

Dr. Daiches speaks of Burns's task of 'restoring, rewriting, and re-creating the whole body of Scottish folk song'. This is more than a slight exaggeration. Leaving out of account, on this occasion, the hundreds of Scottish folk songs we call ballads, of which Burns made use in very few cases, there are the hundreds of Scottish folk songs in oral tradition still, and in manuscript and in printed collections, which Burns—thank goodness!—did not touch.

It is also strange that Allan Ramsay should be mentioned as a pioneer. In what sense is Allan Ramsay a pioneer? In Scottish song which Dr. Daiches is discussing, Allan Ramsay, if he has any claim to being a pioneer, is a pioneer in the destruction of the great mass of Scottish ballads and folk songs, which were sung before Allan Ramsay, during his lifetime, and many of them till the present day.

The Scottish folk-song tradition is neither fragmentary nor 'underground' to the extent Dr. Daiches describes.

Yours, etc.,

Broughty Ferry,
Angus

WM. MONTGOMERIE

Collecting Military Medals

Sir,—Referring to the talk 'Collecting Military Medals' in THE LISTENER of January 15, I have always been told the first medal to be given to all ranks—of all time—was King George II's 1745-6. This medal was oval with a ring at the top that puckered the ribbon—red or purple, much faded.

There used to be a 'Forty-five medal in the museum at Stroud in Gloucestershire.

Yours, etc.,

Dursley

A. DOUGLAS NORTON



the things they say!



You know, I don't think doctors ought to prescribe commercial drugs at all.

But all drugs are made by some commercial firm or other.

Yes, but they aren't all sold under fancy names in fancy packages — at fancy prices.

Surely it's wrong to make a profit out of illness?

But if the pharmaceutical manufacturers didn't make profits, where would they get the £4,000,000 they spend every year on doing research to find other drugs that are very badly needed?

But I thought most of the new drugs had been discovered by doctors working in the big hospitals!

Not at all. Most new drugs and anaesthetics have been discovered and perfected by the pharmaceutical industry — in other words, by the very people who make them.

Give me some examples.

Well, take I.C.I. It was their Pharmaceuticals Division that discovered 'Mysoline', an entirely new treatment for epilepsy; and quite recently they announced a new anaesthetic, 'Fluothane', which has properties that make it quite unique.

It was only at great effort — and cost — that these products were developed, perfected and made available. Many other pharmaceutical manufacturers could point to comparable contributions that

they have made to the progress of Medicine.



A Panorama of Modern China

(continued from page 239)

communism emphasizes the future and that appeals to the young. §

While their children are at school or working the adults eat in a communal mess hall, perhaps a smart one in a show-place commune. No home cooking required, and in some communes the food is free.

†This is something even the Russians did not dare to do. The Chinese here get all the rice and vegetables they want and pork twice a month. When I said this did not seem much the reply was that in some parts of China peasants used to get pork only twice a year. For factory workers, the élite, new one-roomed flats and homes are going up. †

§But most Chinese will have to wait a long time to get flats like these, even with only one room per family. By our standards over-crowding is frightful, though the Chinese seem to put up with it, for them food still comes first. But the old courtyards in the better-off houses look like disappearing. § †By contrast with this forward look, a visit to Peking hospital is a step back to the year 500 B.C. Along with their increasing use of antibiotics, the Chinese still practise a form of magic medicine performed long before we had even begun to study anatomy. It is called Acupuncture, and it consists of sticking silver needles, sometimes heated, into any of 365 points in the body with the idea of relieving pressures within. It has no scientific basis whatever. † §Lately the Chinese have started a new campaign to revive this traditional medicine. I think this is because it fits with the commune policy. There is no hope of training enough doctors so they must use what they have and use methods the peasants trust. §

Work in a Hospital

At one hospital, apart from their professional duties the nurses spend much of their spare time collecting scrap just like everyone else for the great steel drive. 'We must overtake Britain'. †These nurses have one interesting patient, a hero of the blast furnaces who the communists claim suffered ninety-five per cent. burns. It was said that no medicine alone could have saved him, but, say the communists, his faith in the party kept him alive, and now they have made a special film about him. †

After the hero, the villains; in the Peking prison, very much a showplace, there was a cordial welcome from the staff when the camera team who took these pictures paid a visit. There were 1,400 inmates, most of them counter-revolutionaries serving an average sentence of ten years. †Some of the prisoners were former schoolteachers and intellectuals, but most of the intellectuals who blossomed with criticism during the brief Hundred Flowers Movement have been sent to the countryside to do manual labour. †

§China is not a country for executions and purges so much as a country of intense persuasion; criticism and confession are always done in a group, so that the pressure does not just come from officials but from the others, whether it is in a prison cell or in the street where you live. §

†In the prison there are workshops and a textile plant making nylon socks for export through Hong Kong. The brain washing is formidable. When I asked six of the most dangerous political prisoners what their crime was, each replied: 'I was a reactionary'. 'What have you learned here?' I asked. 'After a year's learning I now see my errors'. I have never seen men work so hard as they do in Peking prison. †

*Is all this indoctrination to which they are being subjected really sinking in with the Chinese? §The Chinese are used to getting indoctrination from the state; after all, in the past they have lived by a doctrine of the state, Confucianism. Now they have got a new doctrine of the state—in the past it was the scholars, the government officials who were imparting the indoctrination, but I would agree that the indoctrination today is far more intense and far more pervasive than anything China has known before.

Basic Theme of Propaganda

The first basic theme of Chinese propaganda is patriotic, a strong China getting back what a weak China lost, and that includes Formosa of course. Then there are the Americans who are said to want to overthrow the new government; but the case against the Americans and us British is also that we are trying to stop other peoples' revolutions—revolutions which the Chinese believe are producing anti-Western governments throughout Asia, Africa, and Latin America. §

†The propaganda is everywhere—slogans being painted on the ground or being hung up in the form of banners in a factory workshop. This is one way in which the workers learn what the Government wants them to know about the outside world. They are encouraged to report any colleagues who might be reactionaries. †

§The new Government has revived the popular arts and turned a lot of them to its own use. Before the villain of the play was a corrupt official, now he is an American imperialist. In the old days you hung a motto about prosperity on your gate at the New Year, now you hang a slogan about the second Five-Year Plan. New wine goes into the old familiar bottles. §

A sight now less familiar in Peking and other big centres is the Russian technicians and cultural delegations. Today the Russians are more than a little apprehensive about China's achievements; the communes, for example, get virtually no attention in the Soviet press.

†Perhaps the best example of a propaganda symbol in the whole of China is a double-decked bridge carrying both road and rail traffic over the Yangtse River at Wuchang. It was built by Russian engineers after, according to the communists, American experts had said such a bridge was impossible because of the soft foundations. An oddity in the propaganda war is this memorial to Sun Yat-sen, the great Chinese Republican leader. It was a pre-war American gift and bears an unmistakable resemblance to another well-known monument. †

*In the communes, the hostile anti-Western

party line is backed up by daily arms drills for which all are expected to volunteer. One such is in the Sputnik commune, where all the workers must drill for one hour after lunch.* †The slogan of the commune is one hand on the hoe, the other hand on the rifle. † §The idea of militias in the communes may have swept in at the time of the Quemoy crisis, or possibly even from Chinese fears of world war over the Middle East last year. Now they have realized how dangerous a commune commanding its own militia might be, and the new rule is that the militia comes under the Communist management of the communes. §

†To sum up (said Gerald Clark): Two things stand out in my mind, first; the awe, and respect for the tremendous way in which the Chinese are building up their industry, and secondly an uneasiness about the way the youngsters, the six-year-olds, are being trained with toy wooden rifles. One thousand million Chinese by the year 1980—the generation which our future generation are going to have to learn to live with. †

§It looks menacing (said Richard Harris) but I think Chinese civilization is unique and is going to remain unique. China was forced to learn about us and to understand our minds at the beginning of this century; I think we are going to have to learn about China and understand theirs. §—Television Service

Epitaph

This is how it was. Just one minute particular. Particular, though minute. With no additions

(Titles are easy), no decorations (two sides To every medal), no deep deductions (words drawn from words)—

No description of the hovel where they fetched him from;

No description of the hovel where they took him to

(I would not distract you with such word-paintings, You should not think my theme the building-styles of Angst).

—As for his history: this it not a novel (If only it were novel!) For his occupation—

I'm no Unesco Fellow, this no report on peasant skills (Anyone can die, and he was helped to).

Simply, he was human, did no harm, and suffered for it. His name?—We might be tempted by its liquid vowel sounds, the richness of its rhythms—

I've said too much already.

Writers of epitaphs, in your conceit, remember:

There may be relatives still living.

D. J. ENRIGHT

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

THE bulk of the exhibition of Norwegian art treasures at the Victoria and Albert Museum consists of tapestries, and these are hung all round the largest of the three rooms with an extremely pleasing effect. With the help of some wooden slats and hessian hangings the illusion is somehow produced of a hall in a wooden house, the sort of farmhouse building in which these tapestries were originally hung, a warm interior glowing in the dark north. The tapestries themselves, rather small pieces and mostly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, not only make a beautiful decoration, but are also most curious and idiosyncratic works. With their rich colouring and fine texture they retain the appearance of costly objects which might even be used to decorate a palace, and yet their designs seem for the most part the product of a peasant culture.

The original designs appear to have come from Flanders by way of provincial German workshops, and in Norwegian tapestry of the sixteenth century the derivation from Renaissance work is fairly obvious. But as time went on the native folk tradition took control until the borrowed iconography was completely transformed, so much so that, as with Celtic coins derived from Greek originals, the subject can hardly be interpreted without observing the successive stages of its alteration.

Thus a favourite subject was the judgment of Solomon, not the usual one but the story of how he discovered which of two children was a boy and which a girl, when both were dressed in girls' clothes, by seeing how each of them caught an apple when it was thrown to them. At first Solomon, the Queen of Sheba, and surrounding courtiers stand in stiff rows with the children posed equally stiffly at their feet, but as time went on the craftsmen forgot the point of the story and left the children out; one of them even inserted in a perfectly arbitrary way three almost identical panels each of which showed a farmer and his wife going to market. Another favourite subject was the five wise and the five foolish virgins, and here the figures were often stylized until they became little more than decorative motives.

This curious art seems to have come into being as a result of a new prosperity brought about by the export of timber to England and Holland. But tapestry and other textiles with figure subjects were also produced at a much earlier date in Norway. Two, and only two,

fragments remain; a strip of tapestry and another of embroidery which date from the twelfth century and are splendid examples of Romanesque design. Between then and the sixteenth century there is nothing remaining, but it has been suggested that there must have been a continuous tradition of tapestry weaving throughout this interval. It is certainly curious that some Norwegian textiles of as late as the

intensity that one associates with modern German art; his colour is lively and the general effect of his work is cheerful, though not in any too obvious way. He is most skilful in producing varieties of texture in the paint, but though he uses every kind of artifice to get his effects he never gives the impression of using tricks for their own sake. Mme Woty's tapestries at the same gallery are also mainly abstract in design; there is a quality of touch in her work which for some mysterious reason seldom appears in needlework or other textiles, at least in modern times, unless they are done by a painter.

An exhibition at Tooth's called 'Actualités' contains many varieties of action painting but on a small scale and mostly in water-colour or in oils on paper, so that we are given something less unmanageable than the usual acres of ploughed paint. There are evocative works by Dubuffet, Sam Francis, Michaux, and Riopelle, and it is interesting to see how well the paintings of Alan Davie stand up to this international competition.

Yesterday the recently formed Friends of the Tate Gallery formally presented to the trustees three paintings and a bronze casting of Henry Moore's large group, 'King

and Queen'. One of the paintings is the first work by Robert Delaunay to come into a public collection in this country, the earliest of his series of paintings of cities which gradually became more and more cubist. Painted in 1909, it has no more than a hint of distortion or disintegration in the forms but it is a firm and extremely coherent design. The other two paintings are an early work by William Roberts in his most vorticist manner, very solid and sound in construction, and a large rural scene by the Belgian expressionist Constant Permeke, hitherto unrepresented in the Tate.

On February 11, Dr. Ada Polak will be the speaker in a series of the Victoria and Albert Museum's free Wednesday evening lectures at 6.15 p.m. Her subject will be 'Norwegian Tapestries'. On Wednesday, February 18, at the same time, Mr. Peter Thornton will talk about 'The Design of Eighteenth Century Silks' and on February 25 Mr. John Nevinson will speak on 'Embroidered Costume in Tudor and Stuart Portraits'. On March 4, Mr. Helmut Gernsheim's subject will be 'Aesthetic Trends in Photography 1834-1939'; while on March 11 Mr. Hayward's will be 'A Goldsmith Designer at the Court of the Emperor Rudolph II'.



'La Ville, première étude, 1909', by Robert Delaunay: one of the pictures presented to the Tate Gallery by the Friends of the Tate Gallery

eighteenth century still make use of medieval patterns; the long memory and deep-rooted conservatism of the folk artist is obviously an essential characteristic of Norwegian art.

In other branches of art there is much of the greatest interest, Viking and later medieval metalwork, medieval sculpture in wood and stone, medieval furniture, renaissance and baroque silver. Perhaps the most fascinating of the medieval works are those which show a mixture of Viking and medieval Christian art, as in the eleventh-century wooden door of Urnes church, an excellent copy of which is in the exhibition.

Theodor Werner, whose paintings are shown at the Marlborough Gallery, is a German artist who has worked much in Paris. Although he was born in 1886 he does not seem to have won much recognition until lately; from 1935 onwards he had to live in Germany but, as one might expect, Hitler called his work degenerate and he was prevented from painting until after the war. According to an exceptionally abstruse preface to the catalogue he uses symbols which are 'answers to the questions posed by the very nature of the world', but it is simpler to describe his work as abstract. His paintings are free from the gloom and

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Frank Harris. By Vincent Brome. Cassell. 25s.

Reviewed by HESKETH PEARSON

WHEN SOMEONE SAID to Bernard Shaw that Frank Harris was second-rate, G.B.S. burst forth: 'He is neither first-rate nor second-rate nor third-rate. He is just his horrible unique self'. This about sums him up. There never was anyone quite like him. To adapt Mark Antony's epitaph on Brutus, the elements were so mixed in Harris that Nature might stand up and say to all the world 'This was a monster'. He aspired to be a Napoleon in action, a Bismarck in politics, a Shakespeare in poetry, a Balzac in fiction, a Christ in religion; but his aspirations were diluted by his activities as a blackmailer, a seducer, and a pornographer.

His gifts were peculiar and spectacular. He had a deep resonant voice, a wide command of words, and a strikingly dramatic manner of delivery. He could amaze, startle, shock, horrify or fascinate a dinner-party. He could spellbind an audience or drive it to fury. Though short in stature and almost simian in appearance, he could hypnotize the young of both sexes. Kind at one moment, callous at another, now generous, now avaricious, he made disciples only to lose them. Humourless himself, he enjoyed humour in others; and he aroused the half-amused, half-serious admiration of the two leading wits of his age, Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw, neither of whom was put off by his blasphemies and obscenities.

His most remarkable achievement was his editorship of the *Saturday Review*, where he surrounded himself with a staff of writers whose journalistic brilliance has never been equalled in England. But the efficiency with which he tackled a job was offset by the rapidity with which he lost interest in it, and it is doubtful whether he ever troubled to read more than the first few numbers of any paper he edited. He knew pages of poetry by heart, declaiming chunks of Shakespeare, Browning and Keats with tremendous effect; but after melting himself and his listeners with the pathos of some sublime passage, he would begin to talk in a manner that would have made Casanova blush and Rabelais frown. He loved to see himself as an expert in every department of human endeavour; but by touching life at many points he failed to grapple with it at any.

Knowing nothing of his own character, he was ignorant of everyone else's, and his so-called 'portraits' of contemporaries were no more like the originals than Harris was like St. Francis. As a liar, he left Baron Münchhausen in the shade, and his one valuable book, *The Man: Shakespeare*, was largely cribbed from the work of Georg Brandes. It would not perhaps be fair to say that every episode in his autobiography was invented, but he transformed insignificant incidents into momentous occurrences, an attempted kiss into a passionate embrace, a casual handshake into an intimate friendship. He was accused during the 1914 war of being pro-German, but he was neither pro-

German nor pro-anything except pro-Harris, and anti-everything that was not pro-Harris.

His career cannot be followed in any detail by the biographer, because he did not follow it in any detail himself, and it is difficult for his chronicler to keep a straight face. Hugh Kingsmill wrote an acutely critical and vastly entertaining book between convulsions of laughter, and it is a remarkable feat on the part of Mr. Vincent Brome that he has produced a sensible and spirited account of a staggering oddity without once giving the impression that his subject is scarcely credible. No one is ever likely to get nearer than Mr. Brome to the reality of a figure that challenges the fancy.

The Sleepwalkers

By Arthur Koestler. Hutchinson. 25s. Progress in science in the past century has been so beautifully continuous that it is hard to believe that once it may have zig-zagged in jerks. Mr. Koestler, fresh from his triumphs in the fields of fiction and sociology, has now given us a book which shows that scientists need not be the calm, efficient, logical, truth-seeking discoverers of the textbook but may be arrogant, foolish, at times almost 'loony', as well as courageous and clever. His subject is the theories and the behaviour of the men who from the time of ancient Greece onwards tried to establish the why and wherefore of the motion of our earth relative to sun and stars before our own Newton got it right. He has written a big book and covered a wide field. The extent of his knowledge and the command of his resources are remarkable. His literary power is great and the vigour of his composition never flags. Part of the book is the writing of a brilliant amateur, but in the main part of it, in writing about the lives, personalities and methods of thought of Copernicus, Kepler, Tycho Brahe and Galileo—the great men who preceded Newton—he writes as a researcher who now gives scholars much that is new. In particular his account of Kepler will be most valuable to English readers. These four and some who preceded them from ancient times are his 'sleepwalkers'—men who weren't fully awake to realize what they were doing, men who could do things without realizing just exactly what they were at.

One odd thing about the early astronomers and geometers which the author points out is their real fear of things which we should regard as trifles. They regarded as sinister whatever was not simple or exact. They were worried because the diameter of a square was not an exact fraction greater than the length of a side. They disliked curves. A circle they could endure because of the sun and because of symmetry but they felt there was something caddish about an ellipse. Yet on bigger things they had more courage than some men of the seventeenth century. One school was sufficiently bold to believe that contrary to common sense our earth was rotating round the sun, a view that became anathema to the Church in the age of Copernicus and Galileo.

The author's account of the quarrel that developed between the Inquisition and these two

men is fair and well done. There were faults on both sides. The Inquisition genuinely believed that the earth was the centre of the universe and so any other view was not merely wrong but damnable. On the other hand Galileo, brilliantly building on the work of Kepler and Tycho Brahe, was right in asserting the view we hold today and should not have recanted when pressed to do so. Time, however, happened to be on the side of Galileo, for, in giving us Einstein and his theory of Relativity, it led us today to see that Galileo was half right both in his original assertion and in his denial of this assertion. For there is no right or wrong in the science of the Inquisition-Galileo quarrel. What we teach is a matter of simplicity and not of fact.

While I accept Mr. Koestler's main thesis that the astronomers and geometers before Newton made heavy weather of their task, I think he is too emphatic in describing some of their work as 'without exaggeration a history of collective obsessions and controlled schizophrenias'. The early medievalists were certainly a rum lot, Galileo was obviously two-faced, and Newton a 'crank theologian and a muddled metaphysician', but a man can be two persons, one a genius and another rather an ass, without having the split mind of a schizophreniac.

The publisher deserves a word of praise. The book of 600 pages is beautifully printed and bound. It is cheap at the price.

A. S. RUSSELL

A Diplomatic History of Europe since the Congress of Vienna. By René Albrecht-Carrié. Methuen. £2 5s.

This is a textbook and of the making of history textbooks there is necessarily no end. New discoveries make frequent revision indispensable and the changes of time constantly alter the perspective and scale of values. Thus the judgments on the Congress of Vienna were transformed by the Treaty of Versailles and those on the Treaty of Versailles by the second world war. The textbook industry is a profitable one, especially in the United States, where large rewards can be won if a venture into this field is a successful one and the product 'adopted' by a number of large universities. The events of the last twenty years have given a new opportunity to American professors to reevaluate the nineteenth century and link it up with the twentieth.

Professor Albrecht-Carrié has been one of the first to take advantage of this opportunity. More than half of his long book deals with events after 1914. It has many merits. The author is judicious and objective. He summarises clearly and tries to explain in a few sentences the reasons why events took place. He is just as critical of his own country when it becomes 'involved' in European diplomacy as he is of the great European powers. He has read widely and used the new publications of the flourishing Italian school of contemporary history. His book does not show the command of precise and succinct language, which Professor Renouvin displays in his diplomatic history of the nineteenth

century. But it gives the student a generally reasonable account of the complicated processes by which the great powers solved or failed to solve their disputes.

It is not, however, free from errors of fact, perspective and judgment. For example the author writes of the Treaty of Versailles that the 'disarmament' of the enemy powers was intended 'as a mere preliminary step to general disarmament'. This implies that the victorious powers promised to reduce their armaments to the same level as those of Germany, which is quite untrue though German propaganda often asserted it. A more curious error is the statement that 'at Yalta it had proved impossible to resolve the moot issue of the veto'. The author seems never to have heard of the Yalta formula.

Another defect of the book, perhaps the result of a final revision or the observations of a friendly critic, is that important statements or judgments which ought to be in the text, are often relegated to a footnote. Some of the judgments in the book also show a too limited outlook. American historians tend to dwell with some complacency on the weakened power of Britain after the second world war and ignore many elements of her strength. When he sums up Britain's position, Professor Albrecht-Carrie does not mention either the British Commonwealth, the Sterling area, the atomic bomb or nuclear energy for peaceful purposes, omissions all the more regrettable since the book is primarily intended for American readers.

These illustrations show how much that is misleading can remain even in the most carefully constructed summary of a long period of history. Unfortunately such errors are apt to be repeated in other books of the same kind. They could be corrected by the student at once, if he read some of the most important of the long list of books given in an appendix. This list, however, would be more useful if it were half as long and the inferior works excluded from it.

CHARLES WEBSTER

The Contemporary French Theatre

By Joseph Chiari. Rockliff. 32s. 6d. Nothing is more irritating than a reviewer's complaint that the book in front of him differs from the one he would have preferred the author to write. If the complaint is allowed to stand in this instance it is because Dr. Chiari's title raises expectations which are not fulfilled. Perhaps the sub-title—'the Flight from Naturalism'—defines his intentions more accurately, though even here there is deception for the reader who is curious to know (since this 'flight' has by no means finished) what is happening in the French theatre at the present time. Chapters devoted to Maeterlinck, Rostand and Henri Ghéon, however appropriate as historical background, scarcely compensate for a meagre 'Conclusion' of seven pages where Ionesco is dismissed in a few sentences and Beckett receives tepid commendation for the first act of *Godot*. A glance at the index discovers that neither Audiberti nor Schéhérazade have received Dr. Chiari's attention though they are the most interesting dramatic authors to appear in the last eight years. Since the book is intended to be a history of the movement away from naturalism—something more, that is, than a collection of essays grouped under a

convenient rubric—it is difficult to account for the omission of Alfred Jarry.

This volume, then, has the limitations of an academic critical study which incontinently bristles at theatrical experiments that have not yet graduated into respectability; we must not expect to find its author among those 'snobs' intent in being "cultured", as he describes the audiences of the *Spectacles Ionesco*. Dr. Chiari discusses the talents of Cocteau, Giraudoux, Sartre, Anouilh, and Montherlant, unaware that the contemporary theatre is always leaving its established authors to their own profitable devices as it leaves its established critics (such as M. Robert Kemp or Mr. Kenneth Tynan) to theirs. The contemporary theatre is perfectly at home in those holes and corners where the fanatics (of living, not 'culture') are accustomed to search it out; it may even, for their benefit, promote a performance of Shakespeare that has not been sacrificed to the producer's gimmicks.

And here lies Dr. Chiari's value. If he has little good to say of the experimental theatre he is the sworn enemy of the producer's theatre. He has not been so beguiled by 'the flight from naturalism' as to be silent about its excesses—the circus turns which woo the audience at the expense of the author's text. When the playwrights themselves begin to write plays for producer's tricks, as did Cocteau and Giraudoux, the theatre loses contact with that reality which alone gives dramatic force to the theatre's intrinsic poetry. The critical intelligence with which Dr. Chiari examines and compares his authors' plays is always controlled by his perception of this point where dramatic imagination is fudged by theatrical fancy. He is at his best where he is most in sympathy with his subject—with Claudel, for example, where extended treatment in an earlier volume has here enabled him to pick out the devious paths in the vast, romantic forest of the poet's plays; or with Montherlant, where he goes some way to disperse the calculated frigidity which makes this dramatist unsympathetic to English taste. Indeed Dr. Chiari's book will be of some interest to those who are excited by the Third Programme's series of French plays in the coming months.

H. G. WHITEMAN

Stiff Upper Lip. By Lawrence Durrell.

Faber. 10s. 6d.

These farcical sketches of diplomatic life are by Mr. Lawrence Durrell, one of our most charming younger poets, one of our best half-dozen younger novelists. That much needs to be said. The Antrobus stories (of which *Stiff Upper Lip* is the second collection) are coarsely written, crudely constructed, and depend on humour of the strictly custard-pie variety (Garlic in the Stew, Bees in the Diplomatic Bag, the Iron Hand that Won't Come Off); a laboured sub-Wodehousian straining after slapstick instead of farce. One certainly laughs sometimes in the nervous way one does when listening to someone's long and very funny story: rather forcedly and from the collarbone rather than the diaphragm. Gratitude to Mr. Durrell for the few genuine laughs mixed up with the rest: but it is not easy to forgive the creator of the rich and subtle diplomatic world of *Mountolive* for his travesty of his own creation in *Stiff Upper Lip*. Every idiosyncrasy of style in Mr. Durrell's

serious books (using *serious* in the best sense of the word) seems to appear here parodied and distorted—for example, even the formation of proper names. 'Pursewarden', in the *Justin* books, is most movingly and intelligently conceived: 'Dovebasket' and 'Trampelvis', in the Antrobus stories, are—shall we say?—bad enough for *Punch*.

It is not to be suggested of course that Mr. Durrell does not know all this better than he. He will not have been deluded by the rapturous eulogies on the dust-jacket. It is presumably the fault of the public that, presumably again, does buy Antrobus and does not buy Justin. In the circumstances it would be most tactful perhaps to tiptoe away quietly, merely expressing the polite hope that Mr. Durrell's pockets are now full and that he sleeps well o' nights.

HILARY CORKE

At Sundry Times. By R. C. Zaehner.

Faber. 21s.

The study of comparative religion is one that has never been very prosperous in this country. It has always suffered from the encroachment or the threat of encroachment by its two powerful neighbours, anthropology on one side, apologetics on the other. During the period when liberalism was in fashion in theology, comparative religion gained an access of popularity; some professorships or lectureships were added to universities and some courses were added to curricula. But the decay of liberalism and the return to biblical and to orthodox theology cast a chill over this subject from which it can hardly yet be said to have emerged.

Dr. Zaehner, who is Spalding Professor of Eastern Religions and Ethics at Oxford, differs in some interesting respects from his predecessors in this field. He denies in a vigorous and refreshing way that in order to be a good student of comparative religion one should be an agnostic; he is an unashamed believer in orthodox Christianity. And yet he is perfectly ready to recognize Zoroaster and Mohammed as genuine prophets of God. An outlook as unusual as this could hardly fail to produce a valuable and interesting book. He expounds the leading doctrines of Indian religion, both traditional Hinduism and Buddhism, with remarkable fairness and distinctness, always divining accurately just what a Christian would find obscure or unacceptable in them and striving to bring about sympathetic understanding of them without disguising the difficulties which they present. He then performs the same office for Zoroastrianism and Mohammedanism, though more briefly. He does not disguise the incompatibility of much of Indian religion with Christianity, but he believes that in some of its manifestations, in the tradition, for instance, that believes in a personal God with whom some form of mystical union can be achieved, Christians should recognize that the Indian mind did indeed reach the truth. Zoroaster and Mohammed he claims as true prophets, and what he says about the Zoroastrian doctrine of the resurrection of the body, which has in fact become part of Christianity, is particularly striking and convincing.

He does, however, suffer from some of what might be called the occupational diseases of professors of comparative religion. Though he is carefully accurate in defining the varieties of Indian mysticism, and even in recognizing a type of nature-mysticism in people like Richard

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Jeffries, his readiness to read mysticism indiscriminately into the New Testament is astonishing. The statement that 'the whole mass of Pauline and Johannine teaching . . . is mystical to the core' (page 172) argues either that he must have several different conceptions of this

elusive term 'mysticism' which he has not properly explained, or that he has misunderstood the theology of the New Testament. His identification (page 93) of the Persons of the Trinity with the trinity of Being, Thought, and the fruition of love, 'the *sat, cit, ānanda* of the

Hindus', is altogether too glib. His attempt in the Appendix to explain that Mohammed really believed in the divinity of Jesus is painfully reminiscent of Newman's attempt to show that the XXXIX Articles agree with the Council of Trent, and not much more convincing.

R. P. C. HANSON

New Novels

The Enemy Camp. By Jerome Weidman. Heinemann. 18s.

The Hit. By Julian Mayfield. Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.

No Love for Johnnie. By Wilfred Fienburgh. Hutchinson. 15s.

No Remittance. By Dan Davin. Michael Joseph. 15s.

THE *Enemy Camp* is about a quarter of a million words long, and one is almost compelled to believe that anyone who writes at such length must have something to say. In the case of Mr. Weidman one would not be wrong, but one cannot help regretting that, like so many other American novelists, he should appear to believe that anything that is worth saying once is worth saying several times and improves each time it is said. Sometimes, in reading American novels, one feels that one is reading about a country which is still so new, so vast, and so varied, that nothing in it can be taken for granted and everything has to be stated and explained, as if Americans did not share the general human condition or any of the qualities which are common to other human beings. One sometimes feels surprised that such novels do not begin by explaining the principles of the circulation of the blood.

Mr. Weidman, however, does have a serious theme and if it does not justify his novel's inordinate length it does succeed in sustaining its interest. His hero, George Hurst, is a Jew who was adopted as a child and brought up in the Jewish quarter of New York. He does not meet with any of the more extreme forms of anti-semitism, though Mr. Weidman makes us feel that its influence is all pervading at all levels of New York society; George Hurst grows up, becomes an accountant, marries a Gentile girl of good family and good looks, and is successful enough to establish himself happily and securely in one of those New York dormitory suburbs which are the paradise of the organization man. Yet though he has emancipated himself from his Jewish environment, he still unconsciously regards all Gentiles, including his wife, as the enemy, and it is only as the result of crisis and shock, which threaten his whole existence, that he is able to surmount his prejudice and enter completely into his American heritage, in which there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free. The crisis arises directly out of his associations with his Jewish past, and particularly out of his obsession with a Jewish girl who has a compulsive attraction for him which is compounded of sex, guilt, and racial affinity; it is only by overcoming this obsession that he finds the road to total assimilation, which equals freedom.

The best part of *The Enemy Camp* is the picture it gives of the close, confined, impoverished Jewish community of Lower East Side of New York; this has a warmth, interest and vitality beside which everything else seems artificial and laboured, and it therefore seems all the more curious that its hero, when he finally succeeds in adapting himself completely to the

American way of life, never seems to be aware that he may possibly be losing more than he can ever gain.

In *The Hit* also we are in a self-enclosed, self-sufficient community in New York, but this time it is in Harlem, and one of the striking merits of Mr. Mayfield's book is the economy and directness with which he makes the life of Harlem vivid and alive to us. This economy is all the more admirable and effective because his theme is the wilderness of dreams and fantasies which proliferate beneath the surface materialism of a great modern industrial city; and equally the violence and brutality which are engendered by the conflict between such hopeless longings and the facts of a harsh and sordid reality. In Harlem, dreams find their outlet in the numbers racket, which every day inspires and cheats the hopes of a million inveterate gamblers. One of them is a middle-aged negro janitor, Hubert Cooley, whose magic number, 417, brings him a return of over four thousand dollars on an investment of seven. But the numbers 'banker' with whom he has placed his bet also has his own dreams, and these are not compatible with paying Hubert, who is no more able to reconcile himself to the fact that his 'banker' has absconded than to the other facts of his existence from which his magic number was to have released him. *The Hit* is a first novel, but Mr. Mayfield has a sense of life and a sense of style which make it a considerable achievement.

After Harlem and the East Side, Anglo-Saxon attitudes, either at home or in the Dominions, are apt to seem strangely pale and insipid; one finds it hard to tell why, and often one wonders whether the fault lies in the facts themselves or in those who write about them. *No Love for Johnnie* is by the late Wilfred Fienburgh, who was a politician of great promise and an excellent journalist; this posthumous novel does not seem worthy of either his talents or his knowledge but it will certainly interest all those for whom the *vie passionnelle* of a Labour M.P. may have the charm of the unfamiliar and the remote. Johnnie Byrne is a middle-aged Labour M.P. whose hopes and ambitions have been cheated when his party comes into power. He tries to comfort himself, rather half-heartedly and without much success, with drink and sex, but finally he finds his hopes unexpectedly rewarded when he is appointed Assistant Postmaster-General. The interest of this drab and cynical little story lies in the light it purports to throw on the manners and *mores* of our legislators, and the habits and customs of the House of Commons, which now appear to have reached a stage of development to which Erskine May can no

longer serve as a useful guide. One can only hope that not many of our representatives in Parliament resemble Johnnie Byrne, who is thoroughly distasteful character; if they do, the prospect before us is grim indeed. One cannot help wondering if the atmosphere of politics today is really as sour and stale as it seems in this book, which breathes an air of frustration, futility and disillusion which would justify a Mr. Michael Foot's severest strictures on the condition of Parliament. *No Love for Johnnie* is not a good novel, but it has something serious and unpleasant to say. Mr. MacMillan and Mr. Gaitskell should really take some time off from Trollope to consider some of its implications; and most of all the fact that it has a cynicism of Trollope without any of the fun. Perhaps that is the way the House of Commons lives now.

The hero of *No Remittance* is also, like Johnnie Byrne, a scoundrel, but a less successful one. In the evening of his life, Richard Kar looks back upon its history from the time of his birth in England, of dubious social origins, to his old age in semi-genteel poverty on a small farm in New Zealand. The story carries us from London, where he makes a promising start as an architect, but cannot resist cheating his employers, through the long and many vicissitudes of his life in New Zealand, where he marries into an Irish immigrant family and enters into a long period of decline, which is punctuated by bouts of alcoholism and marked by a complete disregard of anyone's interests except his own.

It is, one supposes, a sad story but it is not a very interesting one and one is genuinely puzzled to know why Mr. Davin should have taken the trouble to tell it, unless possibly out of a pious regard for the social history of New Zealand. One is all the more puzzled because Mr. Davin is so obviously capable of something very much better and possibly of something very good indeed. For he has a style which is deceptively modest and unpretentious but at the same time perfectly natural, so that one reads the rather dull story almost against one's will. Only Mr. Davin had a story worth the telling; he would tell it extremely well.

GORONWY REES

D. H. Lawrence died in March, 1930. It is proposed to commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of his death by holding an exhibition at the University of Nottingham in the spring of 1960. Anyone who possesses material relating to Lawrence and is willing to lend it to the university for the exhibition is asked to communicate with Professor V. de S. Pinto at Nottingham University. Manuscripts, pictures by Lawrence, and portraits of him will be welcomed.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Small Worlds

IT WAS A PITY that the last speaker in 'Seeing Is Believing?' (in the 'Eye on Research' series, January 27) was cut off in mid-explanation so that we should not be late for—of all things—a party political broadcast. Many television programmes are allowed to run a few minutes over time: why not this one? The speaker so abruptly curtailed was, moreover, in Germany, so presumably a good deal of trouble had been taken to make his contribution possible. These scientific programmes are hard enough for the layman as it is; to leave them unfinished is not only to make nonsense of a particular piece of work; it is also to imply that scientific research—to which we all pay so much lip-service—does not really matter any more than a 'pop' song or a piece of propaganda.

Yet the assumption behind these ambitious and impressive programmes must be a serious one. I myself, badly educated in science, find them tough going. I should manage better if we were not given quite so much to digest in half an hour. Each expert sometimes seems to be shut up in his own small, separate, all-absorbing world; to me, what is lacking is some kind of connecting link: some sort of depth and context. I don't want the series cheapened or popularised. But—to take an example from last week's programme—a speaker illustrated a microscope's powers of magnification by inviting us to imagine a man a thousand miles high. We at once had the inorganic in vivid human terms. I felt 'this speaker is talking to me', instead of like an eavesdropper on a learned paper. It sounds a small concession, but it can make all the difference to one's sales-resistance.

In this programme we had to cope with metal-fatigue, the microscope as an instrument for measuring as well as looking, the paradoxical problem of preparing a specimen *small enough* for the new microscopes to take, and the state-

ment (whose implications I should have liked followed up) that even the most powerful microscope does not show the whole of objective reality but just certain aspects of an object's structure. All this seemed to me too much for one session. I sometimes think that what one needs to link together the various experts with their facts and figures is not a 'typical layman'—in which role Raymond Baxter is excellent—but some master-synthesist, a man with expert technical knowledge, though not necessarily of the detailed research considered in each programme, and also great powers of imagination and communication.

Another technical series, 'Lifeline', has perhaps an easier task: human problems rather than the problems of atoms or crystals. Here, too, we may enter the laboratory or the lecture-room: but the door to the outside world is never locked on us. Last week's programme, on brain-surgery, began austere and clinically, with a highly technical account of the operation called leucotomy. Then we met some people who had undergone it, and at once the rather formidable opening lecture was given compelling relevance. These ex-patients could from their own experience, reassure those who may have been advised to undergo leucotomy that they have nothing to fear and everything to hope for. These were people who had once reached the extreme of anguish and despair, where emotional tensions take strange forms: epileptic black-outs, persecution-mania, disturbance of the five senses. All had found, after leucotomy, what one called 'a new lease of life'.

Then came the summing up by the resident expert, the consultant psychiatrist on whose personality, humanity, and powers of exposition the success of this series largely depends. Leuco-



'Lifeline' on January 29: a neuro-surgeon (left) and consultant psychiatrist discussing leucotomy

tomy, he said, was the brilliant 'best we could do' with our present knowledge of the brain. But he looked forward to a time when surgery, a destructive technique, would be no longer necessary and mental disorders be curable without the knife. I thought this conclusion—reassuring, honest, far-seeing, and imaginative—exactly what was needed.

After these rather claustrophobic close-ups of modern techniques, our screens opened (last Friday) on to wider and older horizons. 'To Sea in the Stone Age', in the excellent 'Buried Treasure' series (no presentation problems there), was a piece of practical research into a subject which is half archaeology, half anthropology. We saw a miniature 'Kon-Tiki', a reconstruction of a voyage made to these islands 4,500 years ago. Four Kerry fishermen, appropriately dressed (in skins) and victualled (no tobacco, potatoes, or bread), rowed a curragh from Wexford to Fishguard. Admittedly they 'hitched' the last fifteen miles, having run into head-winds, but I think they proved their point. The invaders did come; and the curraghs—light, beautiful, skin-covered craft—have been used by the Irish right down the ages, possibly (see T. C. Lethbridge's *Merlin's Island*) for much longer voyages than this one. And the Eskimos, a Stone Age people, use a very similar kind of boat. This programme brought a breath of fresh air and adventure into a rather 'indoors' week.

K. W. GRANSDEN

DRAMA

Before the Rains Came

IT MIGHT SURELY have been helpful if some kind of brief synopsis had been given to assist new viewers and to jog the memories of the others before we were given our second helping of the Selway Saga in Lynn Foster's *The Exiles*. I spent the first fifteen minutes on Sunday night trying to find out who was who among the Selway young: it would not have surprised me if some potential students of Australian



'Buried Treasure' on January 30: Paul Johnstone, the producer, with a Naval officer and four Irish fishermen in the Irish curragh in which they made an experimental voyage across the Irish Sea



A scene from *The Last Chronicle of Barset* on January 30, with (left to right) Wensley Pithey as Mr. Walker, Maureen Pryor as Mrs. Crawley, Hugh Burden as Mr. Crawley, and Peter Bowles as the constable

history and the Selways' domestic and matrimonial problems had decided to launch out on another channel.

To me at least the history of a new nation had more appeal than the home chat and sex-troubles of the household. How many young people in this country realize that up to the end of Queen Victoria's reign there was no federated Commonwealth, only a set of jealous states that would not even co-operate over such a vital matter as transport, and that for a youngster to call himself proudly an Australian, instead of English, Scottish, or Irish, was a startling innovation? Our ignorance also of the climatic risks has been considerable. In the second episode, 'The Long Summer', there was useful information about the old and changing ways of Australian life and also about the horrors of a long drought.

The production was below the level of that in the first episode. We were told of the merciless and all-consuming sun, but everybody seemed to keep cool, despite the fact that the men were waistcoated and wrapped up as we would scarcely be swathed for the rigours of an English summer. The title and the events suggested the ferocious ardours and endurances of 'The Long Summer'. But the players, even when quarrelling, seemed oddly cool and might have been at home in the Selways' native Yorkshire.

I think it better to return later to *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, the first of whose six episodes, adapted by Peter Black, was given on January 30. The trials of that pale, but not young, curate Mr. Crawley were started on their way with a cast of many talents. But it is too soon fairly to appraise the contribution which television can bring to the great spread of Trollope's narrative method. The immortal Mrs. Proudie, however, in the person of Olga Lindo, is splendidly there.

The Burns bicentenary had its television honours from Scotland on January 27, with Robert Kemp's now familiar piece on the Clarinda episode, *The Other Dear Chatterbox*. Rona Anderson made the poet's flame, Mrs. Maclellan, so daintily attractive that her husband's desertion and preference of a mulatto in Jamaica seemed incredible and the poet's devotion completely inevitable. Clarinda evoked the best and the worst of his verses and by no means the best of his always erratic conduct. To impersonate Burns, with his mixture of irresistible charm and distasteful callousness, is indeed an actor's problem. Tom Fleming has

not the the profile of Burns, but he showed the right spark and the dangerous glint in the eye: he used, too, the slight roughness of speech which Burns would probably have retained when, a highly educated man, he was enjoying his Edinburgh pose of the plough-boy poet.

In Frankie Howerd's 'Shakespeare Without Tears' on the following night the comedian arrived at the 'Old Vic' intending to be its bright, particular star, found himself engaged as a dresser,

(January 29) by the recording of one episode in advance. Dame Sybil Thorndike takes the part of an octogenarian star-actress whom a Scot would call 'sair hoddie down' by a well-intentioned daughter who has begun by nursing her mother out of an illness and is now running her life with a sharp tongue as well as a steely discipline. It is not my function to criticize a whole play after a partial view of it. I surmise that the public will have been encouraged to see it for themselves at full length. Televising an actual theatre performance is always inconvenienced by the necessity of pursuing the characters across a large stage with the cameras instead of having them tightly grouped. Dame Sybil is one to overcome any handicap: she looked exquisite in her assumption of eighty years and must have endeared herself to the viewers as much as she irritated in the story that domineering daughter, to whose part Valerie Taylor gave a persuasive rendering.

IVOR BROWN

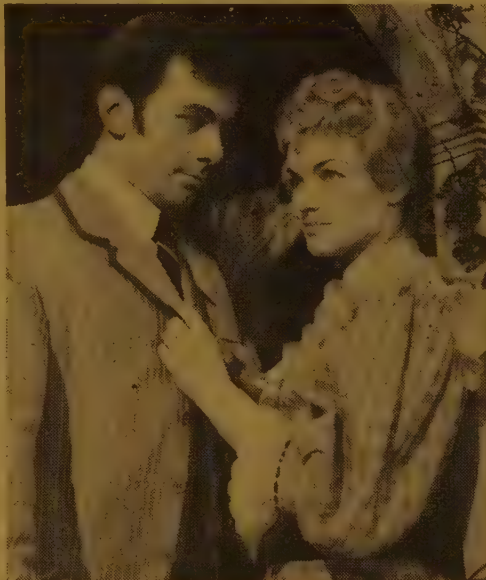
Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Mercy and Kindness

A SOFT ANSWER turneth away wrath. That it may also invoke eternal wrath was the theme of *Night of the Gods*, by Mr. Bruce Stewart and of *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, by Thomas Heywood. Mr. Stewart's play was specially written for radio and, saving the mammoth resources of an American film studio, could not be performed in any other medium. Against the background of the eruption of Mount Tarawera in New Zealand in 1886 he introduces the story of a common crook called Case (Mr. Allan McClelland) who robs a bank, kills a customer, and heads for the bush with his Maori accomplice. From such an ordinary beginning Mr. Stewart weaves a plot which finally brings Case to terrible and unusual justice.

In the bush, Case finds a missionary, takes his clothes, and heads with his Maori friend (Mr. Inia Te Wiata) for a tourist hotel in the volcanic area. The disguise brings fresh and unexpected trouble. He meets Mary (Miss Beryl Calder), the daughter of a rich tourist, and falls in love with her. The mountain rumbles. Stricken with the desire to confess both guilt and love, he proposes. The mountain rumbles even more, and the Maoris prophesy a time of vengeance for their gods. As earthquake hysteria



Rodney Diak as Luke Selway and Moira Redmond as Vicky Selway in 'The Long Summer', part two of *The Exiles* on February 1

and ended up as a stop-gap Laertes and the worst swordsman in Elsinore. In the meantime he had wandered trouserless about town, stirred up a husband's jealousy, and thrown one of the cast out of an 'Old Vic' window. Mr. Howerd has often proved—and in Shakespeare too—that he can be richly amusing without reliance on loss of clothing. However, his gasping of poetry (in short pants) no doubt amply entertained all those who find Shakespeare a matter for tears and Howerd the guarantor of a good chortle. But surely both of them deserved a less primitive script.

A short view of Clemence Dane's play *Eighty in the Shade*, now running at the Globe Theatre, was helped on its televisual way



Ann Walford as Goody and Dame Sybil Thorndike as Dame Sophia Carrell in a scene from *Eighty in the Shade*, an excerpt from which was televised direct from the Globe Theatre, London, on January 29

ounts and the mountain starts to break apart. He sees the eruption as a form of divine judgment. He confesses to the girl's dying her, who makes him release her from her sins.

When the morning comes, and he has survived with Mary, he is happy because he feels that God has given him the opportunity of finding mercy by the expiation of his crime at the hands of the police. But when the police come and he confesses, they do not believe him because he is still wearing the 'cloth'. He appeals to Mary for confirmation of his confession but she loves him and refuses. This soft answer condemns him to live and deprives him of the mercy which he desires. Mr. McClelland's development of the case was extremely well done, and Miss Audrey Cameron, who produced, should count as one of her triumphs.

Heywood's play is yet one more play brilliantly resurrected by Mr. Raymond Raikes who seems bent upon showing theatregoers what they are missing. *A Woman Killed with Kindness* is a domestic tragedy which shows that the English age and English society had developed considerable sophistication in the epoch that began with *Arden of Faversham*. This spotlight on manners and attitudes in 1603 shows the last act of the process of social upheaval which created the structure of rural society we know today.

The Mountfords are the only aristocratic survivors, and while they fight a delaying action with the Actons and the Frankfords move in with their new money. With the social change new ideas about social morality are abroad, and there is something almost contemporary in Master Frankford's treatment of his adulterous wife, Anne. She (Miss Marjorie Westbury) is an almost innocent hedonist and her relationship with Master Wendoll (Mr. Peter Wyngarde), though still in the tradition of Courtly Love, is emotionally acceptable today. Wendoll is much more like a co-respondent than a melodramatic scoundrel or a medieval vice. Frankford (Mr. Norman Wooland), though given the opportunity, spurns the use of violence to address the wrong done to him and punishes his wife much more severely by banishing her. He is contrite and fasts to death but Frankford, true to his lights, pardons her on her death-bed.

This pardon gave the play a neat climax which could, it must be admitted, come near to banality in the hands of less distinguished actors. Less expert handling of Heywood's couplets could also have made the play sound like rather bad pantomime. But Mr. Raikes saw to it that the end rhymes were sometimes neatly tucked away and sometimes deliberately stressed to reveal a witty conceit.

Adaptation for the radio is sometimes a troublesome business. The work of a writer like Conrad, whose greatest gift lay in narrative, presents the radio adapter with two possibilities. The story may either be blatantly narrated with dramatized insets or 're-jigged' entirely with totally new dialogue to exploit the original plot. Conrad's literary form allows him to begin a story several times, but in dramatic form a story must begin once and at once. Miss Helena Wood's adaptation of *Victory* was welled too faithfully to the original last and, despite the noble efforts of Mr. John Gibson who produced, took too long to get under way.

If Conrad himself had written *Victory* as a play he would have undoubtedly recast his dialogue scheme entirely. Mr. Gibson had schooled his cast in the spirit of the piece and they responded but their efforts were made as nothing by the undramatic text. Conrad has been adapted successfully on previous occasions and it was therefore disappointing to hear this attempt fail.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Politics, Patriot, Peasant

I MAY HAVE REMARKED once already that nothing could be less predictable than the success or failure which attends the kind of topical comment embodied in 'At Home And Abroad', 'Matters of Moment', and other programmes designed to expand, explain, or underline our daily news. So much must depend on the chosen speakers. We all know the deep-frozen expert from the one who is humanly concerned to put something across: more still perhaps of the capacities of chairman or interviewer who guides, controls and draws out the discourse. Nevertheless there does seem to be one caution, one valid criterion that might be more often considered. Just how newsy is the topic in question? Can it be seriously—and illuminatingly—connected up with the underlying facts of current history? Or is it just another big gas-bubble sent up by the perpetual boil and simmer of the world's daily press?

Mr. Mikoyan's late jaunt was, I suppose, an inevitable choice for expanded treatment; and it was given all of half-an-hour, the other week, in 'At Home And Abroad'—with results that you might have guessed. This was a workman-like summary of everything we had just been reading, and it led up to—the same question-mark. A pity to have to go all that way, simply to find we'd been there already. Quite the opposite can be said of this week's 'Matters of Moment', which addressed itself to comment on Mr. Khrushchev's six-hour speech, with particular reference to how it applied, in fact, to the present standard of living in the U.S.S.R. In this case there was no mashing over. The main lines of the speech were taken as read, and the speakers briskly weighed into the realities of their theme. The statistical outlines—housing, wages, taxation, hours of work, direction of labour—were given human proportions. Facts already familiar took on a fresh meaning in a live context. Without any concerted agreement, the discussion avoided personal bickers and red herrings. Impromptu statement and counter-statement fitted together to make up a clear and concentrated picture that might have filled out more than its half hour.

Nearly as successful a half-hour was given to President Nasser in Tuesday's 'At Home and Abroad'. The interview which prefaced it was a repeat from television. The discussion that followed, between Woodrow Wyatt and M.P.s Longden and Healey, kept its balance and did much to atone for a regrettable skirmish, on the same subject, a week or two since, when John Connell gave an embarrassing display of a maddened John Bull hunting up a red rag, with Edward Atiyah playing the increasingly agitated picador. The latter reappeared in this week's instalment of the series on Marxism and Communism in Network Three. Professor Hugh Seton-Watson continues to be a pillar in this admirable series—balanced and cool, without primness. I particularly enjoyed his calm and kindly demolition of Mr. Atiyah's fervent, if plausible, arguments with a few well-chosen and incontrovertible instances from recent history: better still, perhaps, was his sober differentiation of propaganda devices from serious diplomacy.

I don't suppose any single person could control or give account of all the outbreaks of Burns that there have been in broadcasting, over this passing bicentenary. At 200 years of age, the Scots Bard remains inexhaustible, incorrigible, and in a fair way to survive anything that might possibly be put forward as fresh comment. There he is. And the annual wake comes round again, with its convivial atonement to the dead who can't drink—and who

couldn't afford that much when he was alive. Among the more serious observations was a talk (by John Speirs) on the poet's Epistles in verse. This was kindly prosing, like the poet himself in his off-moments, when he wrote from habit rather than impulse.

More in character was Sydney Goodsir Smith's 'The Vision of the Prodigal Son' (Sunday, Third) a poem specially written for the occasion. This invoked Burns as a modern revenant, still the great lover of Scotia, but flouting nearly all her present-day attributes. It was fine, muscular invective, but I doubt if the weights it wielded were quite as heavy as they seemed. And I wonder why the modern Lallans poet has to use every possible word in the vernacular vocabulary, including many a one we never hear in the ballads, or in Burns himself. It makes for a braw complexity, though, and a splendid jingle of verbal coinage. The poem was given an ideal rendering, neither inhibited nor pretentious, by Iain Cuthbertson.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

What next?

THE LATER LIFE led by operatic heroes and heroines, or by suchlike villains and saints of either sex, is a fascinating subject and one worthy of the most subtle investigation. What happened, for instance, to good King Mark when he got home that day after arranging for the seemly disposal of the bodies of his friend Tristan, his wife Isolde, his loyal and jealous henchman Melot, and Tristan's no less loyal and jealous servant Kurvenal? A kindly, domesticated creature, he hardly deserved to get mixed up with that intemperate woman and her unfortunate paramour. Did he marry again, someone less tempestuous, perhaps? And did he live on to hanker after the exciting past?

Even more interesting, what happened to Brangäne, that past-mistress of innocent guile, pouring the wrong potion into the goblet, all with the best intentions, the heedless instrument of Tristan's and Isolde's ugly fate? Did she get another job? Did Mark give her a good reference, as one careful of her employer's property? And what of the Count and Countess Almaviva? By the end of Mozart's *Figaro* they knew too much about each—she about him, at any rate—for them ever to be able to settle down in anything approaching domestic contentment; at least until old age brought its philosophizing calm. But what of the intervening years, thirty or more of them? Could they bear the sight of each other, once the emotion of reconciliation had cooled?

Then, again, what happened to Fidelio when he got back into his proper woman's clothes? What was the later history of the Marschallin, still a young woman that night she took Faninal's arm and floated away out of Octavian's life (as we suppose)? These are intrigues of high romance, the answers only to be created by those among us who are sufficient poets.

With historic characters the matter is different. We can go to a book and discover what came to these men and women after the curtain had fallen on their operatic existence. Dimitrij, for instance, the pretender to Boris Godunov's throne, we know what happened to him. Legend or historical fact, the tale goes that his claim to be Ivan the Terrible's son was widely enough believed to sway the malcontents against the Tsar who, conveniently dying, left the way to the throne clear but for Boris's two children, easily disposed of by Dimitrij and his Polish wife Marina. His fate was bitter, the more so since, as it appears, he repented his false testimony; it was bad enough for him to lay bare his own guilt, worse when he had to face the horrid truth that his beautiful Marina was a

go-getting power-maniac, and that his enemy Prince Shuisky, the Russian noble with a name like the hiss of a dagger, the very image of 'the smyler with the knyf under the cloke', held the last trump card that would finish him.

The story continues a great operatic tale as Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov* is followed by Dvořák's *Dimitrij*, the opera broadcast last week. No wonder the tale attracted a librettist, for though the *dramatis personae* produces no figure as great as Boris, as mystical as Pimen, as appealing as the peasant crowd, it deals with men and women living in an intense period of Russian history and in the reflection of Boris and Pimen. It is thus a fit subject for noble operatic treatment.

No one with an exposed historic nerve could

fail to be fascinated with the complex centring in Boris and Dimitrij. There is a wonderful density of atmosphere here, a richness of history and legend that would attract a writer were he able to recount the story and carry the history onward so as to hold our attention and do justice to the subtleties of the changing situation. It might attract, too, a musician who, again, would have to possess not only the desire to do well by such wonderfully decorative material but could add his own gloss to it and by so doing increase our understanding. Dvořák had the desire but lacked the ability. Although Mussorgsky was fathoms below Dvořák in all that had to do with the technique of composition he was far above him as a creator of operas and his wayward instinct took him farther

into the realms of dramatic vision than Dvořák that more refined craftsman, was ever able to penetrate when it came to the shaping of an opera.

This recording of a recent German performance was eminently satisfactory, especially because Dvořák's music is a powerful enchantment for any listener who delights in the melody of the simpler sort and beautiful rounded orchestration; an unusual instance of an opera affording almost continual enjoyment for a listener who had never seen it. Its weakness—Dvořák's weakness, that is—lies in the lack of any strong characterization among the women. Marina, as nasty a trollop as one could wish, sounded quite as nice as poor ineffectual little Xenia, Boris's orphaned child.

SCOTT GODDARD

Roussel's Chamber Music

By COLIN MASON

The first of three recitals of Roussel's chamber music will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 9.0 p.m. on Wednesday, February 11

ROUSSEL is a composer more widely esteemed than enjoyed. He has always been spoken well of by musicians, often in the same breath with his two more famous French contemporaries. If few would rank him with Debussy, there are many who consider him at least the equal of Ravel. It is their popularity that he has never shared. With the exception of the *Bacchus and Ariadne* suites, there is no work by Roussel that is established in the everyday concert repertory in this country. Although his music is naturally more often played in France, the situation there is not basically different.

Chamber music is the branch of composition in which he comes probably nearest to equality with Debussy and Ravel—or in which they come nearest to him. With the important exception of the popular and solitary string quartets with which they made their first attempts at chamber music, their works in this category, unlike those for orchestra and for piano solo, are well thought of and admired by musicians rather than widely enjoyed by the public. Except that Roussel's equally solitary String Quartet, which was a relatively late work, has not had the same success as theirs, the chamber works of all three are generally ranked at about the same level.

The earliest of Roussel's works in this genre that he allowed to survive is the Piano Trio (1902). Immediately before he had written a Quintet for strings and horn (1901) and a Sonata for violin and piano (1902). All three works were performed at concerts of the Société Nationale, but the composer destroyed the Quintet and the Sonata. The Trio was published as Op. 2. It is extremely long, heavily influenced by d'Indy, both in general idiom and in its thorough-going use of cyclic thematic methods. Nearly all the principal themes and motives appear in all three movements. Conspicuous among them is one based on the whole-tone scale. The use of the technique is accomplished, convincing and even subtle, as far as this kind of thematic unification allows subtlety. On this level, if on no other, it is closely comparable to Debussy's String Quartet.

Disregarding the little, one-movement *Diversissement*, Op. 6 (1906), for wind quintet and piano, Roussel's next chamber work was another Sonata for violin and piano, completed in 1908 and published as No. 1, Op. 11. So little evidence does this bear of the six years that had passed since the Piano Trio that it might easily belong to the same year, and claims

attention, like the Trio, only as an early work—a rather belated one, since Roussel was now nearly forty. The cyclic procedure is not quite so pervasive or rigorous, and the themes have perhaps a little more variety of character. Among the more unusual features is the sustained irregular metre of the last movement (alternating bars of five-four and four-four). Like the thematic technique, this device was inherited from d'Indy, but Roussel handled it, here and in later works, with particular skill and liveliness, and was able to keep it up consistently and at length without monotony or loss of spontaneity.

This was the last of his early group of chamber works. When he returned to the medium it was again with a Sonata for violin and piano, written in 1924, and published as No. 2, Op. 28. Earlier in the same year he had written *Joueurs de Flûte*, a set of four pieces for flute and piano, each representing a legendary flautist. In the intervening sixteen years Roussel's music had undergone many changes. His harmony had acquired a sharper edge, he had become more sparing in his use of cyclic technique (it is not used in any of the later chamber works), and his thought had become more concise. The Violin Sonata No. 2 plays for a little over half the time of No. 1. One of the few things it has in common with the earlier work is the asymmetrical metre of the last movement, which here consists of alternate bars of six-eight and four-eight, kept up throughout with much vivacity and sense of movement in a variety of figurations for the several themes.

Roussel had never yet attempted in chamber music any ensemble of strings alone. All except one of his works so far had included the piano, and in the other one he had added a horn to the string quartet. After the Second Violin Sonata he did not use the piano in chamber music again, but continued to avoid pure string tone, adding to it in his next two works the colour of the flute. In the first of the two, the *Serenade*, Op. 30 (1925), he also added the harp. The *Serenade* is the most sensuous in appeal of Roussel's chamber works, written with a regard for sheer sound, harmonic and instrumental, that brings him closer than usual to both Ravel (in the *Introduction and Allegro*) and Debussy (in the *trio Sonata*).

Something of this quality in the *Serenade* survives into the Trio, Op. 40, for flute, viola and cello (1929), despite its leaner musical texture. Roussel wrote it with obvious pleasure in the particular delicate blend of diverse instru-

mental tone. The ternary slow movement, in which the middle part reproduces in diminutive form of the whole, bears out again, as the cyclic methods of earlier works had done, Roussel's avowal of his absorption in problems of form.

In his remaining two chamber works, the Quartet, Op. 45 (1932), and the Trio, Op. 50 (1937), Roussel did at last turn to ensembles of strings only. The String Quartet is the most extended of his later chamber works, similar in dimensions to the Third and Fourth Symphonies. There is a scarcely perceptible shadow of a cyclic thematic relationship between the movements in the prominent appearance in the principal themes of all the movements except the second, of an arpeggio of the tonic triad, major or minor. The link is not of great importance, though Roussel's statement of the key (D major) on the title-page of the score suggests that it may have been intentional. There is no other thematic connexion between the movements, the first two of which are simple in design, and the last two more complex. In idiom and content, as in form, the Quartet is more taxing than the *Serenade* and the Flute Trio and less ingratiating. Only the scherzo and the middle section of the slow movement make an conspicuous display of instrumental colour. Elsewhere the work is austere in contrapuntal line and texture.

The String Trio, written in the last year of Roussel's life, is less severe again, with a first movement that although substantial is relatively light in manner and weight, and a boisterously gay, jig-like last movement. Here the centre of gravity is the adagio, a terse but closely packed sonata movement with a quasi-fugal exposition.

The proportion and importance of chamber music within Roussel's output are greater than in Debussy's or Ravel's, and in these works he stands at the least disadvantage to them. His piano music and songs have made hardly an impression, and his symphonies, possibly on account of his preference for this form at a time when it was unfashionable not only in France (where it has never flourished) but throughout Europe, are much less popular than the quasi-symphonic works of Debussy. In chamber music popularity is rarer, and perhaps less essential. Very few works since Ravel's Quartet have achieved it, and it is in this genre that Roussel's contribution to French and European music seems least likely to be squeezed out by the pressure of more successful works by his two greater contemporaries.

Bridge Forum

A Bidding Match on the Air

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

Eight married couples were invited to take part in a bidding contest on Network Three, and the first match in the first round was played on January 10. This was to have been between Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Moss, of London, and Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Corwen, of Leeds, but one of the Leeds pair was indisposed and their place was taken by Mr. and Mrs. Joel Tarlo, of London. This was the hand they had to bid: Dealer, West, Love all.

WEST	EAST
♠ 10	♠ 7 3 2
♥ A J 10 9 3 2	♥ 8 6 5 4
♦ K	♦ A Q 10 5 4
♣ A K Q 8 3	♣ 7

This, in fact, was a hand played between Britain and Norway in the European Championship last year. The British pair stopped in Five Hearts, the Norwegians were one down in Six.

Mr. and Mrs. Moss went in first, playing the Acoll system. This was their sequence:

WEST	EAST
J. Moss	Mrs. Moss
2H	3H
4C	4D
5H	6H

Thus, the final bid by Mrs. Moss, East, carried them over the top. West's Five Hearts conveyed the inference that he had no more controls to show. East should perhaps have judged that the

Ace of Spades was certainly missing, and probably a trump trick as well.

Mr. and Mrs. Tarlo were also playing Acoll, and Mr. Tarlo again opened with Two Hearts, forcing for one round. The full bidding went as follows:

WEST	EAST
J. Tarlo	Mrs. Tarlo
2H	3D
4C	4H

No fault could be found with this contract, so Mr. and Mrs. Tarlo were awarded 10 out of 10 and entered the semi-final.

In the second match on January 17 Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Figgis, of Liverpool, opposed Mr. and Mrs. G. Griffiths, of Congresbury, Somerset. They had to bid this hand: Dealer, West, Love all.

WEST	EAST
♠ K Q 7 5	♠ A J 8 3 2
♥ A 8 4	♥ K 7
♦ 6 2	♦ A K 9 7 5 3
♣ K Q 6 3	♣ —

Mr. and Mrs. Figgis bid first, playing the Nottingham One Club.

WEST	EAST
E. L. Figgis	Mrs. Figgis
1NT	2C
2S	3D
3NT	4NT
5D	6S

East employed the Stayman convention over One No Trump, asking her partner to show a four-card major. She followed up with Blackwood, but could not bid more than a small slam because she could not be sure which Ace her partner held. Six Spades scored 6 points out of 10.

Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths were playing Acoll. Their bidding went:

WEST	EAST
G. Griffiths	Mrs. Griffiths
1C	2D
2S	3S
3NT	4C
4S	6S

West might have taken the opportunity here to show his Ace of Hearts after his partner's imaginative Four Clubs.

As there was a tie, the match had to be decided by points awarded for 'style'—for the degree of conviction that the bidding, and the explanations of the players, seemed to carry. There the vote was given to Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, who thus qualified to meet Mr. and Mrs. Tarlo on February 7.

A further discussion of these bidding contests will be published next week. Listeners' questions about bridge may be addressed to the Editor, and Mr. Franklin and Mr. Reese will deal with them in due course.

Three Poems

Notes for a Myth

A hand thrust out of the flames, a feather-slender white and impossible hand on a delicate arm. No body, and no burning; still; in form a girl's: but phantasy or salamander? Ringless, the wrong shape, dead as alabaster, it was not like; and yet—oh friend and sister—by its immune acceptance of the fires, I knew the hand was yours.

A hand grew out of the wall, strong-fruited flesh more deeply rooted than the brick and plaster; the fingers flexing; dark; in cruel gesture. A man's, but huge as pain to seize and crush. Blunt as an oak-leaf, knotted, bronze as thunder, it was not like; yet, by the alien grandeur that gave it empire over mysteries, I knew the hand was his.

A hand swam high on the river; slimy lustre, as if of pearl-shell, silvering its death; blood on the nails; on the torn wrist a wreath of withered petals clotted, and a cluster of drift-weed that would slowly draw it under. It was not like; yet in that last surrender I saw the myth and all that it should mean, and knew the hand was mine.

TERENCE TILLER
—Third Programme

The Curlew

The moorland and the sea
Meet in his speckled face,
The leisurely flight
Over the lonely place
Belongs to him above all.

And the curved bill, slight
And long, stamps his delicate race
With a tenuous brittle strength
At home where rocks fall
And the mystery of the moor
Widens in heather and ling.

He does not sing
Like mellow blackbirds, at ease
In hedgerows or perched on small trees
Among every growing thing
That seems to echo their song.

The curlew's call,
Wild, self-contained and long,
Is unrelated to them,
Having no cadence or fall.

But the solitude of the moor
And the moon-chained oceans call
In that reticent, lonely cry
Which belongs to him, above all.

ALAN SMITHIES

Book One: Ode No. XXV

The young bloods come round less often now,
Beating your shutters and making a row
And waking you up. The jamb and the door
Do most of the kissing done now, though before

It used to move on its hinge pretty fast.
Those were the days—and they're almost past—
When lovers stood out all night long crying,
'Lydia, wake up! Save me! I'm dying!'

But your time's coming to be turned down,
And to feel the scorn of the men about town—
A cheap hag haunting the public places
On moonless nights when the wind from
Thrace is

Rising and raging, and so is the fire
In your raddled old bones, the brute desire
That drives the mares in the paddock mad.
Then you'll find it lonely, and think it sad

That the gay young set like the glossy green
Of the ivy-leaf or the fresh brown sheen
Of myrtle: Winter's assistant, the breeze,
Attends to the withered old leaves on the trees.

Translated from Horace by JAMES MICHIE
To be broadcast in Third Programme on February 8



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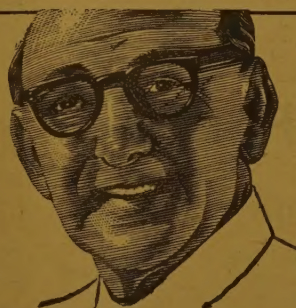
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for the Housewife

Growing and Using Herbs

By MARGARET WOOD

THINK as many people as possible should have a herb garden, growing parsley, sage, thyme, mint, chives, and marjoram. These you should be able to grow even with only a little ground or a window-box available.

Most good seed catalogues also list herbs which you can buy as plants. This applies to perennials, such as chives and thyme. Once your perennials are established it is easy to keep a constant supply. In addition to the six or seven perennials, it is pleasant to introduce one or two new plants for a year only: dill, borage, lemon balm, tarragon, pennyroyal, basil, and balm of Gilead. Among the lesser-known herbs you may want to try.

One cannot give herb recipes. There is no exact amount of flavouring used. Like sugar in a cup of tea, the amount depends on individual taste. This is what gives the cook her opportunity. If you have not used herbs much before, start cautiously. A stew or casserole is the easiest way to begin. Add a sprig of thyme, rosemary, and sage; or, if you prefer, thyme, parsley, and bay leaf, to any meat you cook in this way. Try a teaspoon of chopped thyme mixed into the dough for dumplings; bake fillets of cod or addock in an ovenware dish sprinkled with a mixture of rosemary, parsley, or fennel, and

baste once or twice with melted margarine or butter. If you would like a change from parsley sauce with fish, try parsley butter. For this, beat some chopped parsley into butter and put a pat of it on your fish. The same can be done with fennel; and fennel sauce (made just like parsley sauce) is an attractive change to serve with the richer white fish such as halibut.

Chives are my great standby during the summer months. In salads they give the necessary onion flavour without leaving the strong flavour and smell of onions behind them. I like them too in scrambled egg, in cottage or cream cheese; and sprinkled over sliced tomatoes dressed with white vinegar.

Herb jelly and herb butter are two useful stand-bys for the busy cook. The same mixture of herbs is used for both. I suggest equal quantities of chopped chives and parsley, with slightly less mint, tarragon, and thyme. To make herb butter, beat about a dessertspoon of this mixture into three ounces of butter, store in a cool place and use either as a spread for sandwiches and cheese biscuits or for cooking. To make herb jelly, stir a dessertspoon of the mixture into about half a pint of lemon jelly which has cooled but not yet begun to set. When stiff use this either to mask cold left-overs of boiled

chicken, to serve with cold meats or, sliced thinly, to serve on cocktail canapés.

—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

Notes on Contributors

HUGH LUNGHU (page 236): assistant in the Central Research Unit of the B.B.C.'s European Services; has lived and worked in Moscow for several years

RICHARD PETERS (page 243): Reader in Philosophy, London University; author of *Hobbes and The Concept of Motivation*

ISAAC DEUTSCHER (page 245): author and journalist; member Communist Party of Poland and editor of communist press, 1926-32; expelled for leading an anti-Stalinist opposition, 1932; author of *Stalin, A Political Biography 1949, The Prophet Armed* (Trotsky), *Russia in Transition*, etc.

WILLIAM TOWNSEND (page 247): painter; Senior Lecturer at the Slade School of Art, London University; author of *Canterbury* in Batsford's 'British Cities' series

F. H. TODD (page 249): Superintendent of the Ship Division, National Physical Laboratory

COLIN MASON (page 264): music critic of *The Manchester Guardian*; author of *Bartók*

Crossword No. 1,497.

Fives. By Odysseus

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, February 12. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The answer to each across clue is a five-letter word. Two of these five letters are to be changed to make another word, which is then inserted in the diagram. The new letters, read in the order of their appearance in the puzzle, make up a marginal note, written by 11 down. Down clues are normal. Punctuation should be ignored. R = reversed

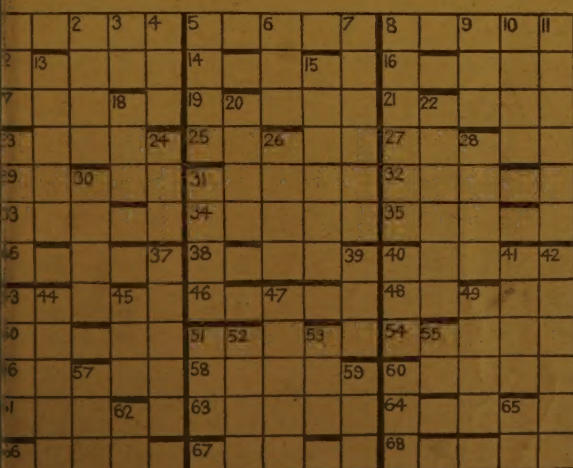
CLUES—ACROSS

1. Ornamental, old love
2. Bovine guide
3. Lively, but has to chance its end
4. Behind a bit of crab after dinner
5. The commander appears in camp as Harlequin

16. Cavel (Look out, Othello!)
17. Vehicle near a hat
19. Dark bits of straw
21. 'More splendid magistrate'
23. Opinion expressed in camera
25. Lacking the French window on the top floor
27. Put to confusion with one blow
29. Considerable reverse to a fanatic
31. Shadow, but not all in silence
32. Article on drink causes popular excitement
33. A slip making a slip by a slip
34. Barbara refused to change it for Grove
35. Puss goes back to it without a word
36. Shows the way on a flat roof
37. Misappropriated clothing
38. They may raise those who have fallen on snakes
43. Take away the tail of the end
46. Smooth, shiny parts of capsized ships?
48. Flourishing school where nothing is put in the stove
50. Backing for a bookmaker
51. So go away
54. Gnaw cane in Oriental surroundings
56. Sounds prophetic, but it's something of a bore
58. In this spirit it has replaced the better-known I.C.A.
60. Clothes cast off in May—and later
61. Strange destiny
63. Grain in a brief mix-up
64. Grub for the ghost
66. 'Not to stir without — argument'
67. Bear with ultimate disaster
68. It's less dangerous to ask for all fares

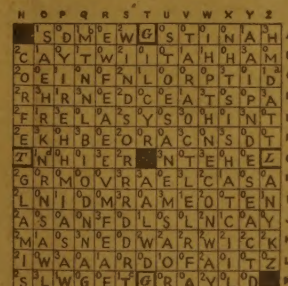
CLUES—DOWN

- 1 & 65. Stuff the gods laugh at (5)
2. 'To hear by the — it is dulcet' (4)
- 3 & 40D. 'The primal, eldest —' (5)
4. See 30
- 5R. Serpentine trees by way of addition (4)
- 6R. & 45R. Turn up in green, sugar (6)
- 7R. Cut-throat sailor takes to drink (6)
8. Educated seaman on the rocks (6)
9. Charged particle in a radio network (3)
- 10R. Dry, and calm if you give directions (4)
13. Moke would dig to a novel plan (5)
15. Propel fifty? Nonsense! (6)
18. Cross-section of a crocodile (3)
20. Shelters are thus demolished (4)



22. Gives Tubal a change of vowel (6)
23. Does such a boy wear drawers? (4)
24. See 59
- 26R. 'Thy mind is a very —' (4)
28. Textile fiction (4)
- 30R & 4. Mischievous, mostly in cipher (7)
31. Tools that help to stuff justice (4)
- 37R. Herrick praised it out of order (5)
39. Also each way (3)
40. See 3
- 41R. Opera heroine like a repeat of the *Arabian Nights* (4)
42. Conqueror with a sound grasp of things? (6)
- 43R. Laundry left behind in the water (4)
- 44R & 55. Take a breather from church restoration (7)
45. See 6 and 62
- 47R. No tea? This will make up for it (5)
49. A singularly heavy blow (4)
51. Young woman goes wandering with 54 ants (3)
- 52R. Prevalent if in the Engineers (4)
- 53R. No pretender but a king across the water (3)
55. See 44
- 57R. Grain sown in parts of Croatia (3)
- 59 & 24R. Principles. 101s? (6)
60. See 65
- 62R & 45R. On the watch at the ends of the chain (5)
- 65 & 60R. Puts the lid on and soundly closes the room (5)

Solution of No. 1,495



NOTES

- (1) Knights: Galahad, Lancelot, Gawain, Tristram. (2) Castles: Corfe, Glamis, Windsor, Conway, Warwick. (3) Bishops: Hatto, Anselm, Ken, Lanfranc, Heber.

Quotation: '... Destiny with men for pieces plays; Hither and thither moves and mates and slays' (Edward Fitzgerald 'Omar Khayam' 1st edition)

The numbers have to be changed into the Quaternary Scale. BI-DIGIT NOTHUMBANS have two fingers, and no thumbs, on each hand.

- 1st prize: Mrs. C. W. Woolley (Bushey Heath);
- 2nd prize: W. H. Appleyard (Manchester 20);
- 3rd prize: Mrs. J. R. Nicol (London, S.W.1).

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